

THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY GUARDIAN

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The Good Old Days in Rock Rapids, Iowa The Fourth of July 1940-1953

By Bruce B. Brugmann

Back where I come from, a small town beneath a tall standpipe in northwestern Iowa, the Fourth of July was the best day of a long, hot summer.

The Fourth came after YMCA camp and Scout camp and church camp, but before the older boys had to worry about getting into shape for football. It was welcome relief from the scalding, 100-degree heat in a town without a swimming pool and whose swimming holes at Scout Island were usually dried up by early July. But best of all, it had the kind of excitement that began building weeks in advance.

The calm of the summer dawn and the cooing of the mourning doves on the telephone wires would be broken early on July Fourth: The Creglow boys would be up by 7 a.m. and out on the lawn shooting off their arsenal of firecrackers. They were older and had somehow sent their agents by car across the state line and into South Dakota where, not far above the highway curves north of Larchwood, you could legally buy fireworks at roadside stands.

Ted Fish, Jim Ramsey, Wiener Winters, the Cook boys, the rest of the Floydie Casjens gang would be out of their houses to catch the action. Some of them had cajoled firecrackers from their parents or bar-

tered from the older boys in the neighborhood: some torpedoes (the kind you smashed against the sidewalk); lots of 2 and 3-inchers, occasionally the granddaddy of them all, the cherry bomb (the really explosive firecracker, stubby, cherry red, with a wick sticking up menacingly from its middle; the kind of firecracker you'd gladly trade away your best set of Submariner comics for).

Ah, the cherry bomb. It was a microcosm of excitement and mischief and good fun. Bob Creglow, the most resourceful of the Creglow boys, would take a cherry bomb, set it beneath a tin can on a porch, light the fuse, then head for the lilac bushes behind the barn.

"The trick," he would say, imparting wisdom of the highest order, "is to place the can on a wood porch with a wood roof. Then it will hit the top of the porch, bang, then the bottom of the porch, bang. That's how you get the biggest clatter."

So I trudged off to the Linkenheil house, the nearest front porch suitable for cherry bombing, to try my hand at small-town demolition. Bang went the firecracker. Bang went the can on the roof. Bang went the can on the floor. Bang went the screen door as Karl Linkenheil roared out in a sweat, and I lit out for the lilacs behind the barn with my dog, Oscar.

It was glorious stuff—not to be out-done for years, I found out later, until the Halloween eve in high school when Dave Dietz, Floyd Casjens, Ken Roach, Bob Babl and I made the big time and pushed a boxcar loaded with lumber across Main Street and blocked it for hours. But that's another story.

Shooting off fireworks was, of course, illegal in Rock Rapids, but Chief of Police Del Woodburn and later Elmer "Shinny" Sheneberger used to lay low on the Fourth. I don't recall ever seeing them about in our neighborhood and I don't think they ever arrested anybody, although each year the Rock Rapids Reporter would carry vague warnings about everybody cooperating to have "a safe and sane Fourth of July."

Perhaps it was just too dangerous for them to start making firecracker arrests on the Fourth—on the same principle, I guess, that it was dangerous to do too much about the swash-buckling on Halloween or start running

down dogs without leashes (Mayor Earl Fisher used to run on the platform that, as long as he was in office, no dog in town would have to be leashed. The neighborhood consensus was that Fisher's dog, a big, boisterous boxer, was one of the few that ought to be leashed).

We handled the cherry bombs and other fireworks in our possession with extreme care and cultivation; I can't remember a single mishap. Yet, even then, the handwriting was on the wall. There was talk of cutting off the fireworks supply in South Dakota because it was dangerous for young boys. Pretty soon, they did cut off the cherry bomb traffic and about all that was left, when I came back from college and the Rogers boys had replaced the Creglow boys next door, was little stuff appropriately called ladyfingers.

Fireworks are dangerous, our parents would say, and each year they would dust off the old chestnut about the

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COMING UP:
The Revolving Credit Racket

GEORGE WOOLF 1889-1972

George Woolf died last week at 83, and with him went a big chunk of California's labor history.

George was a labor organizer in the old tradition—tough, two-fisted, fighting alongside Harry Bridges in the Great 1934 San Francisco General Strike. But during the last few years of his life he found himself fighting the unions, and in particular, Harry Bridges, in a battle that a lot of San Franciscans still don't understand: Redevelopment's uprooting of 6,000 old and poor people from their South of Market homes to make way for the Yerba Buena Convention Center.

We liked George and supported his causes and his work as co-chairman of Tenants and Owners in Opposition to Redevelopment (TOOR). He shines much brighter for us than those in labor who abandoned the poor and exploited—and many of their old members—in favor of big business and big development. Woolf and many of his South of Market friends were themselves once longshoremen and dedicated union members—now abandoned by all but TOOR.

"When George retired (from the ILWU), the relationship with the union was friendly," said Pete Mendelsohn, ex-seaman, labor organizer and Woolf's TOOR co-chairman. "He wrote a letter to Harry Bridges: You've heard Redevelopment's side of Yerba Buena and you haven't heard our [TOOR's] side; come talk with us. Harry Bridges sent a letter saying: I've heard Redevelopment's side and that's good enough for me."

Back in the '30s, when Woolf and Bridges were still friends, Woolf founded the Ship Scalers and the Alaska Cannery Workers Union.

"At that time it wasn't kosher to be in trade unions," said Bill Rutter, president of San Francisco's ILW Pensioner's Club, "because they were thought to be Communist. Under George, the Scalers



Photo: Ira Nowinski

finally organized into a real progressive union."

The Alaska Cannery Workers were "a motley group," Rutter recalled. "Even at the worst of times people didn't want to do it because of the wages. They used to kidnap men from North Beach to work in the canneries."

When George retired from the ILWU, he organized the union's pensioners. "Some people call the [Pensioners'] Club a union within a union," said Rutter, "but we prefer to say that it augments the program of the union."

Now Woolf is dead, and for the most part so are his Cannery and Scalers unions. His home, the Milner Hotel (threatened by Yerba Buena bulldozers) still stands, but not for long. It's clear that Redevelopment, big business and big labor have won the South of Market battle.

"George used to get bread and soak it with water and stick it out his window," said Mendelsohn. "Hundreds of pigeons would come and eat. They're still showing up. They'll stop when they realize their meal ticket is gone." □

By Carol Kroot

Squeezing The GM Lemon

Warning: Franchised Chevrolet dealers in five Bay Area counties are offering for sale cars subject to recall by General Motors—without correcting the vital defect.

Last February, GM began calling in more than 6.7 million late-model Chevrolets with potentially defective engine mounts: 1965-69 Chevrolets and Novas with V-8 engines, 1967-69 Camaros with V-8 engines and some light trucks.

If an engine mount breaks, the entire engine can shift—jamming the accelerator and gear shift linkages and knocking out power brakes and steering. Thousands of accidents have been attributed to this defect.

GM will not provide new engine mounts (owners can buy them for about \$38), but they will install free restraining cables.

San Francisco Consumer Action (SFCA), a feisty consumer group, sent out volunteers posing as buyers to inspect cars on the lots of 18 franchised dealers. More than 80% of the autos they inspected did not have the restraining cables.

Why haven't the dealers installed restraining cables before putting these cars on the lots? I checked the Chevy dealer in Berkeley.

"Tex" Rugaber, used-car manager of Maggini Chevrolet, assured me that the cables were on order from the factory and would be installed as soon as they were available. I then called the Maggini parts manager, who said that restraining cables for at least one defective model were already in stock.

I called Rugaber back and informed him that his parts manager said the restraining cables were available. Now are you going to put them on the car? "What business is it of yours? I resent your coming in here and trying to push me around," he sputtered.

Usually it is the buyer who gets pushed around—due to his lack of knowledge about automobiles. So here's what to look for under the hood of the recalled Chevys: on the driver's left, a twisted cable should be fastened to a bracket on the exhaust manifold bolts,

extending to the upper front suspension pivot. On the driver's right, another twisted cable should wrap around the exhaust manifold and around the engine mounts.

Placement of the restraining cable varies with each model—take someone with you who knows about cars.

SFCA recommends that, if you purchase one of these cars, insist that the device be installed before you drive it off the lot. Owners who run into difficulties getting the cables installed should contact SFCA for help (776-8400).

Further: dealers should automatically make corrections on all cars that come into their lots before they market them; the California Highway Patrol should look for restraining cables as part of their safety spot checks; and area TV stations should run the 30-second public service advertisement prepared by the Stern Concern, a public interest law firm, which advises Chevy owners of the engine mount recall and how to correct the defect.

"The media helps to sell these cars, and the media should help recall them," said SFCA President Kay Pachtner.*

If GM can spend millions of dollars on advertising, can't it come up with more than a letter to warn the public about a safety hazard? As of June 11, there were still more than 5.4 million potentially defective GM cars on the road—according to GM's own figures.

The best advice was given by Burt Lancaster, narrator for the Stern Concern's public service advertisement: "If you have one of these cars, I urge you—get it to a Chevrolet serviceman . . . slowly."

*TV did the best job on this important consumer story, except for KRON which ran a baseball game instead of the news.

Radio stations KCBS, K101 and KGO gave adequate coverage. The Examiner's Al Cline did a good job, but the Chronicle killed its story. Was it killed for fear of losing GM/dealer advertising? □

By Marcy Kates

Letters

To the editor:

I can't help but raise a note of protest on your April 27 story linking the Sierra Club to the captains of industry. Had your reporter William Ristow and/or Editor followed the accepted principles of investigative journalism, you might have discovered that Sierra Club Legal Committee Chairman R. Frederic Fisher is not the sell-out to bayfillers you paint him to be.

On the contrary; Fisher personally handled the Club's role in the now-celebrated Marks vs. Whitney tidelands case settled in a unanimous State Supreme Court decision on Dec. 9, 1971. In this case, the Sierra Club was pitted against Westbay Community Associates, the powerful firm with David Rockefeller, Crocker Land Co. and Ideal Basic Industries backing that still threatens to fill large portions of 10,000 acres of San Francisco Bay in San Mateo County.

Unfortunately, the Bay Guardian did not publish an account of this historic decision which extends public trust provisions in most of California's tidelands far beyond the traditional rights of navigation, fisheries and commerce to include even "the preservation of (tidelands) in their natural state."

Your own publisher Bruce Brugmann deserves the eternal gratitude of Bay Area residents for sharply exposing the destructive Westbay plans to the public in the indelible medium of printer's ink. As well, Fred Fisher has earned a special place in the western sun for brilliantly defeating these same bayfillers in California's highest court.

So Ristow's one-sided repetition of "conflict of interest" charges against Fisher is both unjust and unfortunate, and is damaging to the Guardian as well. Above all, I would urge the Guardian to stress credibility in its attack against the pollutin' highrise water-grabbers that still infest the Golden State. The shadow of doubt has no place in your fine publication.

Kent Dedrick

William Ristow replies:

No argument about Frederic Fisher's environmental record; we gladly grant that he, like many Sierra Clubbers, has been a vigorous conservationist. Kent

Dedrick, in fact, has fought conservation battle after battle on the Peninsula.

So we're sorry that this time Dedrick missed the point: which is, quite simply, that Fisher works for the law firm Lillick, McHose, Wheat, Adams and Charles—a firm which handles, along with the Sierra Club, accounts of major corporate (and polluting) companies. Among these clients: ABC (developer of Marine World), Texaco (\$25,000 against Prop. 9), Weyerhaeuser, Lockheed and important shipping groups.

Fisher may well feel absolutely no pressure when he handles the Sierra Club's business. But corporate pressure and conflicts of interest have run so wild in environmental politics (witness the Club's problems in Sacramento) that we must wonder at the Lillick situation.

We hope, though, that Dedrick and others saw that the crucial issue wasn't Fisher or Lillick, but the strange and lethargic way the Club's leaders handled Prop. 9. Points:

•It took them a full year even to take a stand.

•Though the California Legislation Committee studied Prop. 9 carefully and only narrowly voted against an endorsement, the Board of Directors cast a landslide 11-1 ballot for neutrality.

•A member of the study committee said, confidentially, that "we're dragging out the deliberations [on Prop. 9] as long as possible"—exactly what Whitaker and Baxter wanted.

•An unfavorable opinion on Prop. 9 written by Fisher as a private letter to Claire Dedrick turned up on Californians Against the Pollution Initiative stationery. Ms. Dedrick was justifiably outraged, but we heard of no action the Club took to publicly cancel out this maneuver.

Our dismay with the Sierra Club leadership has grown with the Prop. 9 events. We're glad to see the Club behind the Coastline Protection initiative (though more vigor here, too, would have helped: the initiative may barely have the required signatures, because SF only delivered 1/3 the number expected), but we think a little more fight and a lot less rumination and temporizing from Mills Tower are vital to the environmental movement. □

THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY GUARDIAN

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Dan O'Neill: The Irish Revolution

I was drinking in one of my favorite hiding places in Belfast around noon when the word went around that the Branch had just shot the Pastryman. The Pastryman was a face in the corner of a room in Belfast where once I played a banjo. After his death, I learned his name.

Joe McCann the Pastryman, the Big Fellow, leader of the Official IRA, Belfast. He was 25 when the Special Branch shot him down.

The Pastryman was a baker by trade, but to the British he was a Dangerous Catalyst. Mix the Pastryman with the people—and he mixed very well with the people—and Out Pops A Revolution.

When the rightwing mobs led by the Friendly Reverend Ian Paisley burned 2,500 homes in the Catholic ghettos of Belfast in August 1968, the IRA was unprepared. The IRA dumped its guns when it entered the non-violent civil rights movement and was only able to produce 17 weapons against the mobs.

Joe was one of those who produced a carbine from somewhere and was able to keep a lot of maniacs at a righteous distance. People not of his political persuasion in the movement still respected him. They remember when the Crunch Came Down and their homes were being torched by the mobs... and they remember Joe McCann on the barricades with his neck on the line.

He was a constant organizer on and off the barricades and it got so hot for him in Belfast he had to Go On The Run. The policy is simple in Ireland when dealing with any person who is effective in organizing the working classes into political action. Kill him. Joe was on the Wanted Dead As Soon As Possible List.

Joe had been in the South for some months. For some reason, he crossed the border. He was in disguise, but a quisling in the South had tipped off the Special Branch, the Irish Secret Police. He was ambushed in the Markets area of Belfast.

The Special Branch had cornered him. The eye-witnesses I interviewed saw Joe unarmed, walking fast down Joy Street, when ordered to halt. Some witnesses didn't hear the order, but all saw him start to run. A Branch man dropped to one knee and fired twice. Joe staggered, but kept moving down the street—considerably slower.

To the people down the street it seemed Joe had his hands in his pockets. Those watching from the top of the street said he was holding his midsection and bent over as he bumped into doorways, evidently hoping that one of the doors would be open. All the doors were locked.

The paratroopers opened fire with their machine guns according to an eight-year-old girl watching from the other side of the street. She hid in a doorway and couldn't see if any bullets hit him. The witnesses all heard more than 50 rounds fired. He was still moving down the street when, in front of him, another patrol of paratroopers showed up and cut loose. He was moving very slow. One woman counted ten spent cartridges on her doorstep where a soldier had taken up position. She told me it would have been easy to arrest Joe—he was wounded and surrounded and unarmed.

He fell at the end of the street. A paratrooper stood over him... and fired his machine gun into him until the magazine was empty. Cut him in half. A priest from the parish house around the corner tried to reach Joe to give him the last rites, but the paratroopers held him back. So he died.

The whole town exploded. Up until this point, the population had been willing to give the new secretary of state, William Whitelaw, a chance in his efforts to bring peace to Northern Ireland. Killing Joe McCann killed that chance. Gun battles broke out all over town.

I was late for dinner at my boarding house that night. My boarding house, on the Falls Road, was a good mile and a half away from the pub where I was hiding. I couldn't convince myself that

The Death of the Pastryman



my landlady's cooking was worth the risk of getting shot, so I settled down to a dinner of Guinness.

Ten courses later someone accused me of having evil thoughts concerning his sister-in-law. I am always amazed at the ability of the Irish when it comes to reading minds. I asked him if he was speaking to me, and he threw a punch at my head. I moved my head. The punch kept on going. The punch hit a Complete Stranger standing next to me. The punch hit the Complete Stranger in the Ear. He turned around and hit another Complete Stranger.



Before I could get my Bravery up and fight... since I had to fight or run out in the street... and there was a gunbattle going on in the street... I knew I should stay in the pub and get my head kicked in rather than go out in the street and get it blown off... before I could make any more rational moves, all the Complete Strangers in the pub were hitting the Brother-In-Law-With-The-Psychic-Mind... and finally threw him out into the street. I ordered another pint of dessert.

It was suggested that we adjourn to a party over in one of the Catholic/Protestant mixed neighborhoods where

it would be safe to wait for the action to cool off... then we could go home. Gunbattles cause a lot of sudden parties.

It was five in the morning when I was dropped off on the Grovener Road, which runs parallel to the Falls. It was as close as my friends could get me to my boarding house. The town was still popping.

I got out of the car on Leeson Street, which connected the Grovener and the Falls, and started walking up Leeson. I felt suddenly very nervous. The Houses stretched up the street looking very unfriendly, no lights on in the rooms and all the street lights dead.

Me and my banjo and the many pints of Guinness inside my middle felt it would be safer for all concerned if we didn't appear to be sneaking up on anyone. So up the center of Leeson Street we went, whistling, as I recall, "Do not forsake me O' my darlin'."

High Noon. You always seem to know when you are being watched even when you cannot see the Watcher. I high-nooned my way up the street—suddenly the longest street in the whole world—and just closed the boarding-house door behind me when the shooting started.



I had just waltzed through an ambush prepared for one of the neighborhood British patrols. The IRA were real polite. They let me get inside before they opened up on the soldiers.

Next morning I went into town on the bus. As the bus passed the army post, a rattle of stones bounced off the back end. The stones were thrown at the army post by a horde of small boys. The bus had driven, quite unconsciously, through a Riot in Progress.

An hour later, I started home for lunch. The soldiers checking everyone's identification at the beginning of the Falls Road were polite, but neglected to mention there was a bit of trouble happening up the street.

First I noticed objects flying through the air. Bricks and bottles and stones... all crossing the sky in front of me... striking the armoured cars to the right of me... little slits in the armoured cars opening and big ugly muzzles poking out...

These muzzles are about an inch and a half in diameter and fire rubber bullets. They're seven inches long and weigh half a pound. They're imported from Ohio, manufactured by our good old Goodyear Rubber People who entertain us in San Francisco with their Blimp. The soldiers fire these little wonders at the children and break arms, heads, legs and anything else in the way... such as me at that particular moment.

I keep walking... long, but slow steps... up the road. A 12-year-old boy runs out in front of me and heaves a brick through the windshield of an oncoming moving van... a big truck with two trailers. The driver stops the truck, jumps out and runs back up the street. I expected him to give the kid a bad time, but he seemed to be more interested in another section of town... so he went there.

At this, another kid, about 14, jumps up into the cab of the truck, shifts it into gear and jackknives it across the road. He lays it over on its side so nicely that the entire Falls Road is blocked. He jumps out and three ten-year-olds run up with Molotov cocktails. The truck explodes into flame.

Up come the six armoured cars, Saracens they are called. Out of somewhere come about 400 kids and it begins to rain stones. The soldiers are pinned inside.



... KIDS WILL BE KIDS...

Meanwhile, another hundred kids have turned over three cars down the street and set them on fire. Now the Saracens are trapped between two barricades.

The soldiers try to come out in their riot gear helmets, plastic shields, rubber bullet guns, machine guns. But the kids swarm over them, pulling at their shields, stoning them at point-blank range. A shield is pulled away from one soldier and, before he gets it back, a rifleman up in an apartment building 50 yards away fires one shot, and the soldier drops with a bullet in his chest.

That night in another pub, drinking and swapping funny stories, one of my neighbors said, "... I saw an eight-year-old boy coming up the Falls Road today with a soldier in his mouth..." And a ripple of cold laughter ran down the bar and all I could think of was they never should have shot Joe McCann. □

By Peter Petrakis

PG&E's franchises in San Francisco are not only of dubious validity, they represent a multi-million dollar steal in the grand PG&E tradition of 1905, when the utility bribed Boss Abe Reuf, the mayor and all but one Supervisor to raise its gas rates. Consider:

1. PG&E blocks cheap public power in San Francisco, establishes an illegal private power monopoly here, occupies hundreds of miles of city streets for private profit, disrupts traffic by incessantly plowing up the streets with hardly any coordination with city street work, disfigures the city with ugly overhead power lines it hasn't the slightest intention of undergrounding and rakes in \$80 million a year in revenue.

Yet, for all this, it pays the city only \$400,000 a year, a paltry .5% of local revenue, the lowest rate paid by any company franchised to do business on city property.

2. This .5% fee is a pittance compared to what other private businesses with city franchises must pay. For example: the private restaurant at Stow Lake in Golden Gate Park pays the city 24.5% of annual revenue; the parking lot at the Opera House pays 77%; restaurants on Port Authority land at Fisherman's Wharf, with some juicy deals of their own, still pay 6%.

One Fisherman's Wharf restaurant alone, Fisherman's Grotto No. 9, takes in \$4 million a year and pays the city \$240,000 a year in franchise fees—more than half of what PG&E pays the city on an annual local income of \$80 million.

Eight Wharf restaurants and stores (Borruso's, Tarantino's, Franciscan, Alioto's, Fisherman's Grotto, Exposition Fish Grotto, Guardino's, Cresci Bros.) take in a total of \$10.3 million a year and pay the city \$620,000 in franchise fees.

3. The city could make millions more from PG&E if it repudiated PG&E's 1939 franchises and drafted new ones. Thus, applying to PG&E the low 6% rate used at Fisherman's Wharf, the utility's payments for use of city streets would increase twelve-fold, from \$400,000 to \$4.8 million.

Apply the Stow Lake 24.5% formula and the city would get \$19,600,000.

How would you like to set up an illegal private monopoly enterprise on and under the public streets of San Francisco, rake in \$80 million in annual revenue and \$40-50 million in profit

and pay the city a trifling one-half of one per cent of gross revenue, about \$400,000, for the privilege?

Sound impossible? This is precisely what the Pacific Gas & Electric Co. has done in San Francisco.

PG&E has blocked the City of San Francisco from bringing the city's cheap Hetch Hetchy public power to its own citizens (the Raker Act scandal, detailed in previous Guardians). It has also, since 1939, been operating under gas and electric franchise ordinances that were quietly passed by Supervisors in violation of the franchising provisions of the city charter.

A Guardian investigation of city records shows that the Supervisors, in 1939, issued two franchises to PG&E that:

- were quietly passed without a vote of the people in a referendum, as required by Section 123 of the city charter.

- were quietly passed as perpetual franchises, forever, in violation of the charter, which, in effect, required expiration dates.

- were quietly contrived to pay minuscule fees to the city, the smallest of any city franchise, despite a state law that places no limit on the amount of franchise payments the city could receive from private gas and electric companies.

Thus, San Francisco settles for a paltry \$400,000—much less, say, than a handful of Fisherman's Wharf restaurants and stores produce in franchise fees—when it could be getting \$4 million or even \$19.6 million more from PG&E.

It all started in 1939, when E.J. Long, a San Francisco resident, set a legal demand to the Mayor, Supervisors and City Attorney. Long asserted PG&E was operating in San Francisco without franchises and demanded the city enjoin PG&E from using the city streets for delivery of gas and electricity for heat and power "or for any purpose other than illumination."

The legal basis of Long's demand was the state Franchise Act of 1937, which recognized that private utilities like PG&E had a state constitutional franchise to deliver gas and electricity for lighting purposes, but that municipalities still had a right to issue local franchises for the delivery of gas and electricity for heating and power purposes and to charge the utilities for the use of city streets.

That Multi-million Tax Evader is the Company you Love to Hate:

PG&E.

Long demanded the city recover \$5 million from PG&E as compensation and damages for its unauthorized use of city streets, and he threatened to sue in the city's behalf if action were not taken.

City Attorney John O'Toole agreed with Long and said PG&E needed new franchises. He told the Supervisors:

"We contend . . . that . . . while the Company has the right to use of the streets for the supplying of light, that such right does not carry with it the right to use said streets for supplying either heat or power, and, therefore, an additional franchise will have to be obtained by the Company for the distribution of gas and electricity for heating and power purposes."

PG&E disagreed. Its attorneys sent a memorandum to O'Toole, stating that the "agency contract," under which the city, since 1925, had been selling its Hetch Hetchy power to PG&E for resale to the people of San Francisco, constituted PG&E's franchise in San Francisco.

The U.S. Supreme Court invalidated this notorious contract one year later, as a violation of the Raker Act which granted Hetch Hetchy Valley in Yosemite National Park to the city for a municipal power and water supply. It also prohibits sale of the power and water to any private utility and requires the city to distribute its own water and power to its own residents over municipal distribution systems.

Despite the utility's insistence it was operating legally in San Francisco, PG&E agreed to obtain local franchises "to avoid long litigation, expensive alike to the City and County, and in harmony with the course which has been followed by Company in a number of other cities and towns."

Thus, the stage was set for another classic City Hall swindle of the people of San Francisco. Two ordinances were drawn up, one granting a perpetual

franchise to PG&E for gas service, the other granting it a perpetual franchise for electric service. Both were for purposes other than illumination, as provided in the Franchise Act of 1937. The Supervisors quietly approved the ordinances in December of 1939 and they went into effect 60 days later. They are still in effect today.

Both are of dubious validity. First, they violated Section 123 of the city charter that required a vote of the people:

"...any ordinance granting any new franchise for the operation of any public utility whose franchise has expired, or is about to expire, must be referred and submitted to a vote of the electors of the city and county at the election next ensuing not less than sixty days after the adoption of such ordinance and shall not go into effect until ratified by a majority of the voters voting thereon."

The 1939 franchises were never submitted to the voters, though evidence is abundant that PG&E in 1939 was a utility whose franchises in San Francisco had expired at least seven years earlier.

Second, their perpetual duration also violated the city charter, for what would be the purpose of having a charter that 1) clearly anticipates the expiration of utility franchises and 2) prescribes voter referendums as the manner in which they are to be reissued, if the Supervisors by a couple of simple ordinances, can make it all meaningless?

The Supervisors, all by themselves, without consulting the voters, in effect amended the city charter, nullifying its key provision for voter-approved franchise renewals by quietly giving PG&E franchises that would never need renewal.

There is no need to rediscover the individual franchises of PG&E's 36 predecessors (see chronology) to prove that PG&E in 1939 was a company whose local franchises had expired. The charter of 1900, in effect, enfranchised

A CHRONOLOGY—How San Francisco quietly gave away two valuable franchises to PG&E and lost millions in annual revenue for 33 years.

San Francisco adopted its present city charter in 1932, with an important new section relating to private utility franchises. The new section required that new franchises to utilities whose franchises had expired must be submitted to the voters in a referendum, and required, in effect, that utility franchises cannot be granted in perpetuity.

In 1939, the Supervisors quietly gave PG&E two franchises for gas and electricity and ignored the charter, giving PG&E its franchises without referendum and in perpetuity. In terms of annual financial advantage to PG&E and annual financial loss to the city, these two concessions are about the biggest San Francisco has ever given away to a single private company.

1852-1900

Some 36 gas and electric companies are organized in San Francisco. Eventually, all are merged into PG&E's two immediate predecessors, the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company and the California Gas and Electric Corporation. All are under control of the Supervisors, according to PG&E's official biography, which means they operate under city franchises.

1900

San Francisco adopts new city charter that recognizes right of utility companies to use city streets (i.e., enfranchises them) under regulation of the Supervisors, in effect consolidating all pre-existing and subsequent gas and electric franchises into the basic law of the city. Utilities are required to pay a percentage of gross receipts to the city.

1905

PG&E is incorporated, as the result of merger of the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company and the California Gas and Electric Corporation, thus inheriting all franchises.

1906

The earthquake and fire destroy all records of the Supervisors, including all franchises issued to private utilities. Three PG&E executives (Eugene DeSabra, John Martin, John Drum) are indicted in the notorious Abe Reuf graft prosecutions and charged with paying a \$20,000 bribe to Reuf, Mayor Eugene Schmitz and all but one Supervisor to raise PG&E's gas rates in 1905. This proves PG&E was subject to the franchise provisions of the 1900 charter; PG&E, in its own way, recognized this through its bribery of the responsible public officials.

1910

The Supervisors order the printing of a "Book of Franchises, Spur Track and Pipeline Permits," an attempt to reconstruct the franchise records destroyed in the 1906 earthquake and fire. Mysteriously, no gas and electric franchises are included, perhaps because of the confusing series of mergers among companies having franchises with varying periods and conditions, perhaps because the 1900 charter superseded them all anyway, perhaps because of PG&E influence.

1911

Gas and electric utilities are given a state constitutional franchise to deliver energy for purposes of illumination, but not for heating and power, which are still subject to local franchising. The state takes over regulation of gas and electric companies. Telephone companies are totally franchised by the state, with no local franchising permitted.

1932

San Francisco adopts a new city charter, the present one, which scraps all gas and electric franchising and regulatory provisions of the charter of 1900, thus terminating the franchises held by PG&E in San Francisco. A section is added (Section 123) requiring that any ordinance granting a new franchise to a private utility whose franchise has expired must be submitted to the voters for approval. Section 16 clearly contemplates expiration of utility franchises and franchise elections, by stating that these elections cannot be circumvented even by declaration of an emergency.

The questionable legality of PG&E's gas and electric franchises in San Francisco turns on three key questions:

1. Did PG&E have previous franchises? It did, as this chronology shows.
2. Had these franchises expired prior to 1939, when the Supervisors issued new franchises? Yes, as this chronology shows.
3. Did the Supervisors issue these new franchises in accord with the charter of 1932? They did not. The new franchises were granted in perpetuity and without a vote of the people (in violation of Section 123, which requires franchise approval by referendum for utilities whose franchises have expired, and by implication, requires that utility franchises must expire).

1937

The state legislature passes the Franchise Act, which spells out how municipalities may issue franchises to gas and electric companies to deliver gas and electricity for purposes other than illumination; i.e., for heating and power. Any pre-existing local franchises are automatically cancelled when a new one is granted under the Act.

1939

E.J. Long, a San Francisco resident, demands formally that the city enjoin PG&E from unfranchised use of city streets for delivery of gas and electricity for any purpose other than illumination, and demands collection of \$5 million in damages. City Attorney John O'Toole agrees with Long and says PG&E must get new franchises. Supervisors quietly draft and pass new franchises for gas and electricity, under provisions of the Franchise Act of 1937, thus presumably cancelling any PG&E franchises that might still have been in existence (although all were cancelled by adoption of the 1932 city charter seven years earlier). The franchises are extremely favorable to PG&E, extremely disadvantageous to the city: they have no expiration date, bring only .5% of PG&E gross revenue to the city, impose practically no conditions on PG&E. The Supervisors fail to submit the franchise ordinances to the voters, in violation of Section 123, which requires voter approval of new franchises for utilities whose previous franchises have expired. Nevertheless, the franchises go on the books.

1969

Supervisors institute a utility users tax, which increases by 5% everyone's utility bills, for gas, electricity, telephone and water. PG&E is designated to collect the tax on gas and electricity, despite the utility's questionable legal status in San Francisco, since its franchises are invalid and the Raker Act requires SF to have PUBLIC power. The Supervisors refuse to study the feasibility of buying out PG&E and seek other ways to get revenue for the city's besieged treasury.

1971

The Charter Revision Committee, on the pretext of "streamlining" the city charter, deletes Section 123 and voters, unaware they have lost millions for 32 years by the city's violation of the referendum requirement for utility franchises, approve the "recodified" city charter. Thus, the last official reminder of an historic swindle is obliterated. Supervisors double every resident's water bill with a "sewer tax."

1972

PG&E is in its 33rd year of operation in San Francisco under the questionable franchises of 1939. San Francisco is in its 47th year of violation of the Raker Act, which requires public power in San Francisco. Every residence and business in the city thus pays high power rates (which skyrocket each year) because it gets PG&E's expensive private power and cannot get the city's own cheap Hetch Hetchy public power. San Francisco and its people are thus out about \$40 million a year.



Louis Dunn

every utility company in the city, thus consolidating all individual franchises in one document. Since all of these franchising provisions were eliminated in the charter of 1932, we may say PG&E's local franchises expired in 1932.

The 1900 city charter gave the Supervisors power to regulate and control the location and quality of all utility services in the city, fix rates, prescribe the means for new utilities to get started and collect fees for the use of city streets.

That PG&E itself was subject to the franchising and regulatory provisions of the 1900 charter is clearly shown by the fact that in 1906 three PG&E top executives were indicted for paying a \$20,000 bribe to Abe Reuf, Mayor Eugene Schmitz and all but one Supervisor to raise PG&E's gas rates. PG&E was submitting (in its fashion) to the requirements of a franchise that empowered the city to regulate the utility as specified in the city charter.

All these charter provisions, to use PG&E's own words, were "recognition by the city of Company's right to use and occupy the streets." In other words, they constituted PG&E's franchise in San Francisco.

The crucial point: all these franchise

provisions were thrown out in the charter of 1932. Further: the City Attorney, in 1939, agreed PG&E had no local franchises. Thus, by 1939, PG&E was indeed a utility whose franchises had expired. Therefore, according to Section 123 of the charter of 1932, any new franchises issued to PG&E should have been submitted to the voters for approval (they weren't) and, according to Section 16, should have specific expiration dates (they didn't).

Thus, PG&E has been operating for 33 years in San Francisco under franchises of questionable legality.

Why weren't the 1939 franchises submitted to the voters as the charter required? Lots of other issues were put to the vote, including the nine unsuccessful bond issues to buy out PG&E. Why was there one test for franchises that favor PG&E and another for bond issues to buy out PG&E?

The answers are simple: the franchises amounted to a sellout by the city on a scale so obvious and huge that it would be dangerous to try the voters—despite PG&E's well-oiled political machine that killed the nine bond issues. The most notable sellout provisions:

1. There was no time limit on the franchises, as other cities like San Diego require. They are perpetual, to be terminated only if and when the city decides to buy out PG&E. The effect of this is to deprive the people of San Francisco of regular opportunities to review the franchises and PG&E's performance and to decide whether they want to reissue the franchises and up the fees or set up a municipal power system.

In San Diego recently, the expiration of a San Diego Gas & Electric Co. franchise prompted a city feasibility study on buying the company out. The city's consultants recommended against acquisition at this time, a recommendation that has been challenged by public power experts. Nevertheless, the consultants recommended that San Diego limit the new franchise to SDG&E to ten years and then review the public power question again.

Franchise renewal elections are held periodically in several cities across the country, but not in San Francisco—a city with \$300 million invested in water-power facilities in Yosemite National Park and with mandates under federal law and its own city charter to have public power.

2. The city agreed to accept only 1/2 of 1% of PG&E's gross revenue in San Francisco as payment for PG&E's lucrative privilege of using city property to enrich private investors, chiefly big eastern banks and insurance companies.

This now amounts to a mere \$400,000 a year on combined gas and electric revenues of \$80 million. (The breakdown: Electric revenues—\$55 million, electric franchise payment—\$275,000; Gas revenues—\$25 million, gas franchise payment—\$125,000.)

A fantastic deal for PG&E, considering that an ordinary corporation would have to actually buy the property it uses to conduct its business, or at least pay rentals under prevailing rates. Not PG&E. It uses public property—for a pittance frozen into dubious ordinances 33 years ago and not subject to any adjustment to reflect the declining value of the dollar, the city's desperate cash needs or the current taxpayers' revolt.

These ridiculously low franchise payments were accepted by the Supervisors despite the fact that the Franchise Act of 1937 places no limit on the amount of franchise payments a charter city like San Francisco can collect from private utilities. Contrast the .5% franchise payment the city gets from PG&E with the 24.5% of gross income it gets from the Stow Lake restaurant in Golden Gate Park, or the 77% take from the Opera House parking lot (see box).

3. Hardly any conditions were laid on PG&E in the franchises—not a word about undergrounding overhead utility lines, for example. (It has been estimated that at PG&E's present rate of undergrounding in San Francisco, it will take 300 years to complete the job.) Nor was there any requirement for PG&E to coordinate its work on the city streets with that of the Department of Public Works or the city PUC.

Thus, immediately after a new sewer is laid by the DPW, PG&E can come along and put in new gas mains. If voters had been given the chance to approve the 1939 franchises, as the law required, they might have insisted on some things: for example, whenever the city tore up a street for whatever purpose, PG&E would have to use the opportunity to underground its power lines and, of course, pay its fair share of street-opening expenses.

Some possible consequences of this franchise sellout, as outlined to the Guardian by attorneys:

1. The franchises could be repudiated by the city at any time and far more advantageous ones drawn up, providing for far higher payments to the city, strictly limited duration to give the city periodic opportunities to reconsider public power, undergrounding of overhead power lines and better coordination with city street work, plus other conditions to reflect evolving public concerns.

2. Contracts between the city and PG&E, which are predicated on the assumption that PG&E is authorized to use the city streets, may be invalid. This includes contracts for PG&E to supply some of the city's Hetch Hetchy power to public facilities in the city. Should PG&E argue, as it did in 1939, that contracts with the city constitute a franchise, they might still be invalid because they also were put into effect without a franchise referendum.

3. City Hall may face a major taxpayers' suit for its violation of the city charter, which causes the city to lose millions each year in franchise taxes.

I outlined this whole business of PG&E's questionable franchises to William Bourne, deputy City Attorney specializing in utility matters, and asked for his opinion. Said he, "Well, Mr. Petrakis, you've given me a big shot, all at once. It seems too pat, just from the seat of my pants, but I have to confess I know nothing about it."

I offered to supply Bourne with my references and bibliography and complete file. "That's all right," he said. "I'll read about it." □

One Law For The Citizen, Another For P.G.&E.

By Peter Petrakis

I have been writing now for four years in the Guardian about PG&E's illegal power monopoly in San Francisco and how the City of San Francisco allows this private utility to bilk its citizens of \$40 million every year.

My inspiration was Prof. J.B. Neilands' original article in the Guardian in 1969, which outlined the Hetch Hetchy scandal and how San Francisco, a city required by its own city charter and a federal law to have public power, built a great \$300 million hydroelectric system in Yosemite National Park to supply its residents with municipal power and water—only to have its public officials turn the power over to PG&E for resale to the people of San Francisco. This, in violation of the specific provisions of a federal grant, the Raker Act of 1913.

I've documented in Guardian stories the enormous losses the people of San Francisco suffer every year through this continuing scandal. Virtually every article on utilities and PG&E's domination of the political life of San Francisco has been reprinted in the Congressional Record with commendatory statements by such prominent U.S. Senators as Fred Harris of Oklahoma and Lee Metcalf of Montana, the foremost utility expert in Congress.

Nothing, absolutely nothing, has happened to PG&E despite these stories and despite repeated appeals to city officials by the Guardian and many individuals and groups. Nobody in City Hall has moved to buy out PG&E's electric distribution system. The Supervisors and the city PUC refuse even to do a feasibility study, at a time of a national revival of interest in public power, to determine the precise financial benefits to the city. (Some 30 U.S. cities are now looking into the question of public power, including Berkeley, Foster City and Atherton, but not San Francisco, the only city required by law to have it.)

So, I decided to take matters into my own hands and refuse, as a matter of conscience and logical journalistic follow-through, to pay the Supervisors' new 5% tax on my utility bills. It would be my protest, starting in October of 1970, to the city's policy of refusing to move against PG&E and bring power revenues back to me and my fellow taxpayers.

My reasoning: PG&E has no right even to be in San Francisco and, therefore, the Supervisors have no business appointing PG&E as an official city tax collector.

Further: the Supervisors have no business raising city revenue by taxing basic necessities of life such as utilities, which makes the poor suffer most, while stead-

fastly avoiding the one action they are required by law to perform, which could lower utility rates and simultaneously provide increased revenues for the city—namely, buy out PG&E and go into the lucrative business of retailing public power.

"If the Supervisors want to make money off a utility," I stated in my protest, "they ought to go out and get a money-making utility, as both federal law and the city charter require."

Since then, I have uncovered additional evidence which shows that not only is PG&E's presence here illegal, but its gas and electric franchises were put into effect in 1939 at a piddling rate, in perpetuity, without a referendum, in violation of the city charter. How can a utility company function as the city utility tax collector when it isn't properly franchised to operate in San Francisco?

I got a note in the mail on May 14 from Thad Brown, City Tax Collector, threatening me with fine and imprisonment if I didn't pay my delinquent utility tax of \$14.44 plus \$22.80 in penalty, interest and collection charges, for a total of \$37.24.

Said Brown, "... any person violating [the utility tax ordinance] shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be punishable therefor by a fine of not more than Five Hundred Dollars (\$500.00) or by imprisonment for a period of not more than six (6) months, or both."

The point: San Francisco has a charter policy that commits it to public ownership of all utilities in the city. The policy is ignored in deference to PG&E.

San Francisco is required by the Raker Act to distribute Hetch Hetchy power to its residents over a municipal system. The law is disobeyed in deference to PG&E.

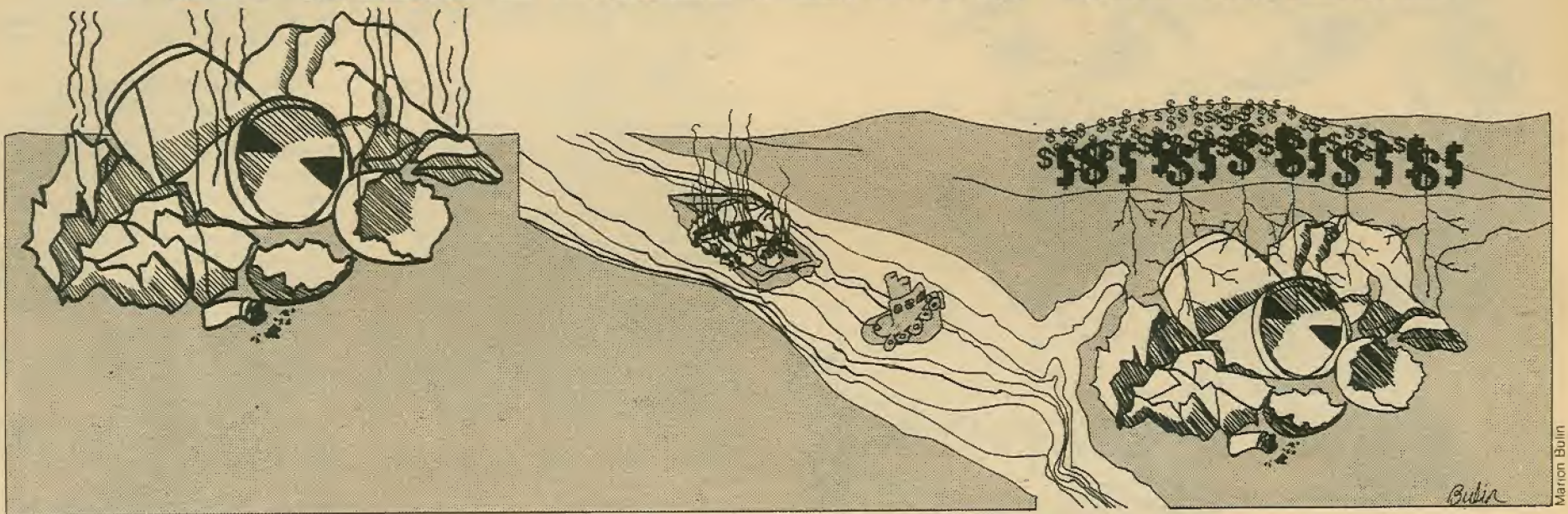
San Francisco Supervisors are required by the city charter to submit PG&E franchises to the voters in a referendum. They refuse to do this and, instead, quietly give PG&E juicy franchises, at paltry fees, in perpetuity.

The City of San Francisco decides to go after, not PG&E, but me and other San Francisco citizens who have sought to dramatize PG&E as a lawbreaker costing the city millions each year. It's business as usual down there at City Hall.

Postscript: On advice of counsel, I have decided to pay my utility tax under written protest and to send copies of my protest to the Mayor, the Supervisors and the Grand Jury (Room 165, City Hall).

I urge the many other residents who have refused to pay this tax to do the same, then to work with Citizens for Public Power to repeal this utility tax and work to enforce the law and buy out PG&E through the initiative process.

FINDING A HOME FOR SAN FRANCISCO'S GARBAGE



By Richard Reinhardt

Although garbage has never intrigued me as a subject of mental diversion, I must admit that the idea of turning the garbage of an entire city into rich, brown organic compost grabs my imagination.

I can get almost lyrical at the thought of millions of tons of discarded melon rinds, coffee grounds, milk cartons and Snickers wrappers moldering into soil conditioner, like a neat little pile of leaves and lawn clippings hoarded by a resourceful gardener. Compost satisfies the waste-not-want-not ethical requirements of my childhood conditioning. Perhaps it also soothes a certain sense of guilt I feel in being a city-dweller, a destructive and parasitic creature outside the scheme of nature.

At any rate, I was pleased to be asked to attend a national conference on municipal recycling and composting held recently in San Francisco. The fact that the conference was sponsored by Rodale Press, the publishers of Organic Gardening and Farming and other similarly-inclined magazines, allowed me to assume the meeting would be comfortably biased in favor of composting as a solution to many if not all problems of municipal waste disposal. And, sure enough, a succession of knowledgeable speakers did testify that approximately half our solid waste products could be turned to compost—to the vast benefit of the natural environment—if only we would clear away a few economic and political barriers.

Beyond this, however, nobody was willing to go. Anyone who had hoped, as I did, to hear that composting is a panacea for the consequences of our waste technology was doomed to disappointment. Composting, it turns out, is merely one form of recycling. Like other forms of recycling, it is as simple and natural as rain; but it can become enormously complex when applied to several million tons of throw-aways.

For close to four days we sat around the Hilton Hotel, shooting the breeze about the methane by-products of anaerobic digesters, the death-heat level of pathogenic colon bacilli, the horse-power and chopping capacity of various refuse shredding machines and other equally abstruse matters.

The Hilton cooperated by putting on several almost-organic lunches, which I suspect are not exactly Henri Lewin's bag. At the first lunch, the apple juice was "not verifiably organically grown," the pineapple-papaya salad was not organically grown at all, and the luncheon speaker regaled us with a list of all the euphemisms he had heard that morning for human excrement. But the menu, and the table talk—cleaned up day by day—provided a sort of model anti-pollution demonstration for the conference delegates.

The audience was a peculiar mix of sanitary engineers and organic gardeners: middle-aged, civil service types in sideburns, neckties and solid-color shirts, and hip young kids in boots, blue jeans and hair. The municipal types arrived in black Chryslers with government li-

"Compost it, Barge it and Save the Island in the Delta."

cense plates, but the kids came mainly on bikes.

One young cyclist, who said he was a beekeeper from Portland, got into a tangle with some Franklin Pangborn souls at the Hilton front desk when he tried to garage his ten-speed in the lobby; and he told the conference we ought to be ashamed of meeting in a place that was such an environmental shuck. Everyone was into recycling, and a few felt they'd made the whole trip. One fine-looking, white-haired man, who sat at the speakers' table and wiped his open palms over his face in a gesture of insupportable boredom, said he had been in sewage treatment for 27 years.

The main thing nearly everyone had in common was a curiosity about compost. Making compost, as all gardeners know, is basically a process of piling up vegetable refuse, manures and other organic wastes, adding moisture, soil bacteria, oxygen and extra nitrogen, and letting the pile decay. The result is a dark, crumbly material that looks and smells like good topsoil.

It is not a fertilizer, although it has some plant nutrients and is usually rich in microbes and moisture-holding particles that plants need for healthy growth. A properly maintained compost pile is free of flies and bad odors. Unlike other forms of solid waste disposal, such as burning, burying or dumping, composting has no adverse effects on the environment. To the contrary, it can be positively beneficial, because the organic end product is restored to the earth.

As an agricultural art, composting is as old as the plow. But the idea of applying the same principle to municipal garbage is relatively new and, unfortunately, relatively unused. The first speaker, Clarence Golueke, of the University of California's sanitary engineering research laboratory in Richmond, dates the modern technology of composting from the mid-1950s, when UC Berkeley made extensive studies of the subject and developed the "wind row" method of decomposing shredded refuse.

By this technique, organic waste materials can be converted into compost in as little as 12 days. (The UC campus cast-offs, which contain an abnormally large amount of paper, took three times this long to decompose.)

These UC experiments, coinciding with public concern about the environment, created an overblown enthusiasm for composting. Promoters and politicians promised "gold from garbage," and manufacturers of composting machinery developed plants that cost up to \$5,500,000.

But composting municipal refuse, it turned out, was a slow, costly process. Privately financed recycling plants that contracted to sort, shred and compost garbage ran into high labor costs, machinery breakdowns, noxious odors and low profits. In most cases, the contractors had set their charges far too low: a

plant in Phoenix, charging the city \$1.50 per ton, went broke; and Houston's ambitious Metropolitan Waste Conversion Corporation, which undertook to process 25% of the city's garbage at \$4 per ton, also lost money.

Not only were costs higher than expected—the market for compost was poor. Transportation costs were high. For the farmer, horticulturist or home gardener, compost proved to be just as expensive to buy, haul and apply as competing materials, such as animal manures and chemical fertilizers, that are higher in nutrients. Between 1948 and 1968, 14 of the 15 composting plants built in the U.S. ended in failure. Last year, Lawrence Burch of the State Department of Public Health found only two composting plants still in operation.

As several speakers pointed out, however, the economic failure of privately-financed, franchised composting enterprises does not rule out this method of municipal waste management if the expense is warranted by other factors, such as the conservation of land resources, long-term sustenance and improvement of the soil, protection of ground water from contamination and other environmental benefits.

In other words, the advocates of composting should concede that the municipal experience to date has been disheartening, not to say disastrous, and realize that the process will now have to sell itself, all over again, in terms of social benefits.

The Bay Area, despite a faddish upsurge in saving bottles and aluminum cans during the past few years, is by no means in the vanguard of metropolises in dealing with solid wastes. We produce something like 10 million tons of refuse per year, a figure so large as to be meaningless to anyone except a civil engineer.

I have not even attempted to calculate how many acres this might cover, a foot or two thick. I do know, however, that it includes an astonishing variety of material. Only a fraction—about 17%—is household garbage: aerosol shaving cream cans, artichoke leaves, occupant mail, cereal boxes and so on.

The rest consists of commercial refuse (similar to household garbage); wreckage of buildings; animal manures; leavings of agriculture and food processing (flower stalks, fruit and vegetable peels, etc.); wastes from oil refining, manufacturing and other industries; and, finally, a small percentage of the stuff that sanitary engineers call "special wastes," such as abandoned cars, dead animals, sewage sludge, poisons, corrosives, used bandages, stale medicines and other materials that require attentive handling.

Throughout the Bay Area, in dozens of communities served by dozens of collecting agencies, virtually all these solid wastes are taken to fill-and-cover dumps and buried under a layer of soil. Burning, tidelands filling and dumping in the Bay—the most obviously meretricious methods of disposal—have

been outlawed; land disposal by the so-called "sanitary fill" method is, at least superficially, a sensible system.

But what about the loss of land used for fill? What about the permanent loss of recyclable materials? What about the fuel consumption, the air pollution, the traffic congestion caused by hundreds of trucks, inefficiently crisscrossing to and fro, to carry the refuse of each community to its jealously maintained place of interment?

Alfred Heller, president of California Tomorrow, noted that large trucks now make 40 trips a day to carry San Francisco's refuse to a fill-and-cover site in Mountain View.

"There may be a certain amount of gain for the two communities," Heller said, "but otherwise, it's pure waste—especially for someone outside the area, whose taxes are sustaining the highway."

A regional system to compost municipal wastes would be the "rational, safe, economic thing to do," Heller said. But such a system, he cautioned, depends on the development of state and federal policies of resource use that actually encourage recycling.

The most visionary, as well as most specific, proposal for a regional approach came from Frank Stead, the veteran environmental technician, who recently completed an 18-month study of the Bay Area's solid waste problems with Hans Feibusch of the Environmental Impact Planning Corporation of San Francisco.

Stead's report, published by the SF Planning and Urban Renewal Association (SPUR) and underwritten by a grant from the Ford Foundation, proposes a regional web of 16 refuse collecting and sorting stations that would air separate metals, glass, plastics and paper and then chop the organic residue, from 50 to 80% of the total, for composting.

Barges would carry the finished compost to a 500,000 acre area in the islands of the San Joaquin-Sacramento delta, where the rich peat soil is literally disappearing because of erosion, subsidence and spontaneous combustion.

The Stead-SPUR plan requires a pilot demonstration, using an existing refuse transfer station in San Francisco as the collection-sorting point, and Mandeville Island, 15 miles east of Antioch, as the composting area. During a three-year test period, the local governments, scavenger companies, barge operators and farmers would try to build up a stable market for salvaged materials and to study the environmental effect of laying a thick topping of compost on a typical delta farm.

The pilot plan has the support of SF Supv. Robert Mendelsohn, chairman of a sub-committee on solid waste of the Association of Bay Area Governments. But it runs into opposition from private scavengers who say they cannot operate under the supervision of a regional agency. Even more critical to the fate of this proposal is an attractive nuisance called the Kaiser-Radium "Land Reclamation Project," which offers Alameda County an immense, long-term burial ground for

garbage without any of the regional complications or technological uncertainties of the Stead-SPUR proposal.

The Kaiser plan is simply an old-fashioned land fill in a new location—the huge open pits left by the quarrying of Kaiser Sand & Gravel Co. and Rhodes & Jamieson in a 775-acre area just northeast of Pleasanton. Instead of dumping refuse in canyons and marshes, the scavengers of Alameda County would truck it to Pleasanton.

Gravel out and garbage in would require about 120 trips per day (3,000 tons of material) and the remade land ultimately would be turned into golf courses, an industrial park, a high-density residential area and a 90-acre lake, which you might not want to swim in. The gravel pits, it is estimated, could swallow the county's offal for 40 years.

Although the Kaiser-Radum project was not on the agenda of the national conference on recycling, this proposal, and other accommodations like it, lay heavily on the minds of the participants.

For these are the palliatives that spare a wasteful society from the immediate necessity to deal rationally with waste.

It was this problem—the problem of waste itself, rather than waste disposal—that concerned most young people at the conference. Although they agreed that environmentalists should support such projects as the SPUR/Stead Plan, they were more interested in legislation to penalize the producers and users of throwaway containers. They want to reduce the vast tonnage of packaging material at the source, to encourage the use of unpackaged products and returnable containers. I was impressed by the passion and logic of their attitude.

For years I have tended to accept the widespread belief that the problem of solid wastes, serious as it is, probably can be solved by scientific ingenuity. Richard Saltonstall, in his excellent handbook, "Your Environment and What You Can Do About It," makes a typical statement of this view: "No other problem can be so thoroughly dispatched by Technology with a

capital T . . . In fact, if we approached this crisis by using the system analysis techniques already applied to military and space programs, there should be precious little garbage left to dispose of."

The trouble with this idea is that it doesn't touch the root of the difficulty, which is the proliferation of an economy—a moral system, even—that is based on waste. If a wasteful society designs a new technology of waste disposal, the result is bound to be a huge new infrastructure of capital investment and organization devoted to perpetuating waste to dispose of it.

We shall be blessed with immense chopping and grinding machines requiring elaborate maintenance, expensive parts, great inputs of energy, vast tracts of land; ladders of personnel, with technical degrees and civil service status, dedicated to maintaining a brisk flow of effluent; multifarious transportation and marketing organizations; lobbyists, PR men, advertising agencies, community relations experts, govern-

ment task forces, social scientists, ideologists, apologists, expert consultants and in-depth reporters—in short, all the mechanisms that got us into this in the first place.

A purely technological solution to the waste problem, in other words, is likely to have most of the bad characteristics of waste itself.

What the environmentalists are saying is we must take the profit out of waste *entirely*. This does not imply that garbage will disappear and garbage men will be prosecuted. There always will be by-products of agriculture, industry, domesticity and human metabolism.

It implies only that the waste problem can best be solved by simple, direct restraints on waste. There can, indeed, be benefits from recycling solid organic wastes into the land. These benefits will be realized in the form of a clean environment and bays, lakes and canyons freed from the threat of "sanitary fill." □



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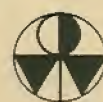


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By Irene Oppenheim

Now that you're healthy and swimming, we thought you might want to locate a friendly neighborhood belly dancer. You're in luck: San Francisco has an enormous and active dance community ready to deal with every fantasy.

This is by no means an exhaustive list; I've kept to groups and teachers that I know personally, or have been recommended to me. If I've left out your favorite dance spot, please let me know.

It might be a good idea to observe a few classes before joining in, since there are a wide variety of approaches even in something as formal as ballet. Prices tend to be expensive—but they vary quite a bit, in general getting cheaper as you take more classes.

So go to it. I've floundered my way through many dance sessions, and it's great fun.

Academy of Ballet, 2121 Market, 552-1166. Most classes taught by Alan Howard (formerly of Ballet Russe). The classes are in the old tradition—formal, large, strict—and held in a large, beautiful studio, often used by visiting companies for rehearsals. Its company, "The Pacific Ballet," had a successful season this year with the works of John Pasqualetti and Marc Wilde. Both men will teach there this summer.

Baptiste Center, 405 Arguello, 387-6833. I don't know much about this studio except that it puts out the strangest brochure I've seen. It's worth adding to your collection of oddments. The studio does a lot of yoga things including yoga for children, belly dancing and a course in "Spiritual Unfoldment." If you have a folded spirit, this may be the place for you. Also runs a health club.

Community Music Center, 544 Capp, 647-6015. Supported by the United Fund and all fees based on a sliding scale, according to income. Offers body movement classes for four to five-year-olds; and body movement, modern dance, and Latin and Spanish folk dancing for older children. The Center is located in an old Victorian house between 21st and 22nd streets, and has the warming advantage that no one is too poor to partake.

Cultural Integration Fellowship SF Ashram, 2650 Fulton, 752-9890. Well it sounds spiritual. All kinds of yoga and meditation courses offered. Prices are reasonable. The name is friendly.

Dance Deo, 499 Alabama, 863-7220. The studio is situated in Project Artaud. Run by Noel Parenti, a talented dancer-mime, who will teach this summer in collaboration with John Graham, a gentle and inspirational long-time dancer.

Dance Spectrum, 3221 22nd St., 824-0609. Headed by Carlos Carvajal, Dance Spectrum has a fine new studio on 22nd at Mission St. Frequent choreography workshops and a full teaching schedule. Emphasis on ballet, but modern, jazz and yoga are given. An active and creative bunch.

Integral Yoga Institute, 770 Dolores, 824-9600. A very spiritual outfit. After five classes you are asked to join the Institute for \$10 and receive literature, et al. But there is no coercion, classes are only \$1 and the classroom is one of the loveliest and most serene places I've been.

Irish Dancing Center, 3827 17th St., 431-3127. Irish step dancing taught. I saw one competition of Irish dancing in Santa Rosa and, from the quantity and skill of the performers, it's a popular sport.

Margaret Jenkins Studio, 2001 Bryant, 751-3965 or 648-5278. Margaret Jenkins studied extensively with Merce Cunningham in New York: She teaches his technique and imbues the studio with his spirit. The staff are all highly-rated performer/choreographers and take modern dance seriously.

Jewish Community Center, 3200 California, 346-6040. First off, you don't have to be Jewish or even join the Center to take advantage of classes. Generally cheaper than private studios. It's not the place to go for professional training, but if you dance for pleasure and exercise it looks just fine.

Lolita & Jose's Spanish Dance Studio, 841 Jones, 775-3805. All aspects of Spanish dance including Flamenco taught. The only studio around solely devoted to Spanish dancing.

Neighborhood Arts Program, 165 Grove, 558-2335. Supported by the SF Art Commission and others, the Neighborhood Arts Program offers 57 free workshops in a wide variety of the arts including dance. Workshops take place in various locations around the city and it's best to call for the exact time and place. Dance classes are not only free, but according to reliable sources quite fine. At the moment modern and Afro-Haitian dance offered.

N.U.A.N.C.E., Glide Church, 330 Ellis, 771-4710. (New Universal Arts & Crafts Experience) Non-profit for real—charges are 50¢ per class, with an amazing variety to choose from. Classes include modeling, creative writing, theatre, art, drums, etc. for both children and adults. Most of their classes take place at Glide Church. The dance school has its own performing group, the "Arian-Moonchild Dancers."

Park & Recreation Dept., 50 Scott, KI 8-4089. Your very own Park & Rec. really offers many goodies. The dance classes, held at various locations, include folk, square, round and social dancing. Photography, the Recreation Symphony, a jazz band are among the other activities sponsored—all are free. The only activity I've had any first-hand experience with is the Symphony, and that's run cheerfully and competently.

Performing Arts Workshop, 1530 Buchanan, 931-9228. The adult classes are taught by Gloria Unti and are an enjoyable combination of technique and movement. A good place for someone with no previous dance, but still challenging for the more ambitious. The location is a bit hairy, but the school is ardently trying to relocate. So if you know of a vacant studio... Also—extensive program for teenagers in improvisation and theatre craft.

Peters-Wright Studio, 2695 Sacramento, 921-1365. The oldest school of its type in the city. The studio was founded in 1911 and has been in the same location since 1918. In the past few years it's expanded enormously and now offers a wide range of different dance genres including: Hindu, Spanish, Afro-Haitian, Ballet, Modern, Mime, a special class for boys, and one for mother and child.

SF Ballet School, 378 18th Ave., 751-2141. Official school of the San Francisco Ballet Company. It ardently produces professionals, although beginning classes are offered for all ages. The approach is formal, the training pure ballet. But, some creative movement classes for small children. There is a hot rivalry between them and the Academy of Ballet as to which produces the best dancers. Join in...

SF Conservatory of Ballet and Theatre Arts, 1929 Irving, 731-7755. Directed by Mme. Lanova, awarded the title of "Baroness" by Hungary. Mme. Lanova runs the ballet school, the art-oriented academic school (first grade through high school) and the school's company, "Ballet Celeste." "Ballet Celeste," supported in part by the city, is primarily a touring group spreading the cultural word for San Francisco. It's been nearly everywhere and will tour Europe this summer. My dancing daughter says the Conservatory produces the very best turners.

SF Dance Theatre, 2226A Fillmore, 921-4424. Artistic director is Penelope Lagios Johnson, who danced with Alica Alonso's National Ballet of Cuba and other prominent companies. It has an excellent group of teachers and a unique approach toward teaching children the basics of ballet without turning them into martinets. "Special Discounts" to those on welfare.

SF Dancers Workshop, 321 Divisadero, 626-0414. Ann Halprin's group has had a reputation of being "far-out" that is now of many years standing. Not always confined to the studio, the group dances at the beach, up hills...anyway, it's sure to be a creative experience. More into experimentation than technique.



Photo: Roger Lubin

Dance

From Ballet to Belly, A Directory Of Instruction

Scottish Dancing Center, 340 Presidio, 346-6775. A friend of mine Scottish dances with this group. He says it's great.

Smith Studios, 2184 Greenwich, 922-2755. Pepper Smith studied with William Christensen at the University of Utah. Joan Thorpe, co-teacher, studied with the SF Ballet. The classes are wonderfully small with only 6 to 8 students in each. Classes in ballet and modern, and choreography workshops which give public performances every few months.

The Dance Studio, 1621 Haight, 864-4961. Stanze Peterson, along with Donna Thomas, will be opening this new studio this month. The studio will teach modern, primitive, jazz, body conditioning and body alignment. The performing group is The Stanze Peterson Dance Theatre.

The Mandala Folk Dance Center, 603 Taraval, 731-9829. This sounds like a great place. Nightly classes in various kinds of folk dancing (Balkan, Israeli, etc.) from 8 to 9 p.m. in a coffee house setting. From 9:30 on it's requests and you can dance on and on until midnight or after. Classes are \$1.50 with a \$2 charge on Saturday when there is live music.

Theatre Flamenco, 1144 Rhode Island, 826-2477. Adela Clara directs the company. It has no studio, but does teach classes. Theatre Flamenco just finished its fifth San Francisco season.

UC Extension, 861-6833. Offers dance classes as part of the extension program. This summer is Greek folk dancing, held at the Minerva Cafe, 136 Eddy. The quality of teachers is high—and sometimes the prices, too—but you do get college credit.

Unitarian Church, 1187 Franklin, 776-4580. Offers space to groups for a variety of activities, including Balkan and Israeli folk dancing. The price per class is cheap—\$1. If you're interested in other doings, pick up a bulletin at the church.

United Projects, 330 Grove, 864-9115. United Projects is the beginning of the Black Cultural Institute. Offers many different classes from Karate to music theory. The current home of the Black Light Explosion Company, a free store, a pleasant room to rest and rap. It's an inspirational place. Deals with about 1,500 people a month, 800 of whom are taking classes of one kind or another. Many of the classes are free, others have a low fee.

Xoregos Studio, 70 Union, 989-3167. Shela Xoregos, dancer-choreographer offers modern dance training, beginning through professional. She has a deep interest in the history of modern dance and has invited Charles Weidman, and Klarna Pinska (who danced with Ruth St. Dennis) to recreate dances for her company.

Zitsa Folk Dance Center, 1650 Market, 864-9113 or 467-7551. Another folk dance coffee house, with "fresh ground coffee representing more than 16 nations," and other goodies. Emphasizes Greek dancing although Balkan, Israeli and belly are given. The classes are \$1.50, with the exception of belly which is \$3. Zitsa just opened in May. In calling both folk dance centers, The Mandala and the Zitsa, the warmth and vitality even over the telephone made me believe that folk dancing has got to be good for the head.

Prices—I've tried to note the free or cheap classes. Most of the studios like to have students sign up for a month and their fee for a single class is very high, like \$3.50 or so. I noted the price of the folk dance places because with them there is a single set fee for each class. In general, the more classes you take, the cheaper it gets. The average might be 4 classes a month for \$12, 8 classes for \$20. There is, however, quite a bit of variation—some discounts for poverty and others for talent.

Dance On...

Classes that are free or that charge a nominal fee are marked with an asterisk. The Jewish Community Center and the Integral Yoga Institute provide child-care. I've noted the instructors when possible. Call for times.

ADULT CLASSES

Afro-Haitian

*N.U.A.N.C.E. (Bob Spriggs)
PETERS-WRIGHT STUDIO (Ed Mock)
*SUNNYDALE COMMUNITY CENTER (Dede Moss), 558-2335
*UNITED PROJECTS (Dede Moss)
SF DANCE THEATRE (Ruth Beckford)
THE DANCE STUDIO (Stanze Peterson)

Ballet

ACADEMY OF BALLET (Alan Howard)
DANCE SPECTRUM (Carlos Carvajal)
PETERS-WRIGHT STUDIO (Carol Butler)
SF BALLET SCHOOL (Lew Christensen)
SF CONSERVATORY OF BALLET AND THEATRE ARTS (Mme. Lanova)
SF DANCE THEATRE (Penelope Johnson, Kare Hornschuch, Larry Burgoon)
SMITH STUDIOS (Pepper Smith, Joan Thorpe)

Belly Dancing

JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER (Magana Baptiste)
ZITSA FOLK DANCING (Ixchel)
BAPTISTE CENTER
THE MANDALA FOLK DANCE CENTER (Nakish)
ROMAN BALLADINE, 35 Douglass, HE 1-0679
JAMILLA, UC Med Center, 566-2019

Choreography and Experimental Classes

MARGARET JENKINS DANCE STUDIO (Kinesiology, Margaret Jenkins)
JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER (Marge Knyper)
DANCE SPECTRUM (Jean Mathis)
SF DANCE THEATRE (Experiment in Acting and Movement, David Ostwald)
XOREGOS STUDIO (Summer Choreography Workshop, Nancy Spanier, John McCord, Klarna Pinska, Glen-Charles Musagetes, Shela Xoregos)

Folk Dancing

IRISH DANCING CENTER
*JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER (Gary Kirschner)
MANDALA FOLK DANCE CENTER
*N.U.A.N.C.E. (Becky Rubin)
PETERS-WRIGHT STUDIO (Ishvani)
*PARK & RECREATION DEPT. (Sue Dorsey)
SCOTTISH DANCING

UC EXTENSION
UNITARIAN CHURCH
ZITSA FOLK DANCING (Ixchel)

Jazz and Tap

DANCE SPECTRUM (Rec Russel)
*N.U.A.N.C.E. (Norma Johnson)
SF DANCE THEATRE (Raymond Sawyer)
THE DANCE STUDIO (Stanze Peterson)

Latin and Social

*JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER (George Racko)
*PARK & RECREATION DEPT. (Sue Dorsey)

Mime

DANCE DEO (Noel Parenti)
PETERS-WRIGHT STUDIO (Barri Rolfe)

Modern

THE DANCE STUDIO (Stanze Peterson)
ACADEMY OF BALLET (John Pasqualetti)
DANCE SPECTRUM (Tance Johnson, Jean Mathis)
MARGARET JENKINS STUDIO (Helen Dannenberg, Theresa Dickinson, Margaret Jenkins, Marcia Lerner)
JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER (Laura Zweig)
*NEIGHBORHOOD ARTS (Marcia Rand)
PERFORMING ARTS WORKSHOP (Gloria Unti)
PETERS-WRIGHT STUDIO (Helen Dannenberg, Bronwen Revenaugh)
SF DANCE THEATRE (Marcia Rand, Sharon-jean Leeds)
SF DANCERS WORKSHOP (Ann Halprin)
SMITH STUDIO (Pepper Smith, Joan Thorpe)
THE DANCE STUDIO (Shela Xoregos)

Both Heliotrope (398-7042) and Entropy (441-4404) often have movement and dance as part of their schedules at reasonable rates.

Spanish-Flamenco

LOLITA & JOSE'S SPANISH DANCE STUDIO
PETERS-WRIGHT STUDIO (Cruz Luna)
THEATRE FLAMENCO (Adela Clara)

Yoga

DANCE SPECTRUM (Jean Mathis)
BAPTISTE CENTER
*INTEGRAL YOGA INSTITUTE
JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER (Magana Baptiste)
SF ASHRAM

DANCE FOR CHILDREN

Ballet

ACADEMY OF BALLET (Alan Howard)
DANCE SPECTRUM (Jean Haet)
PETERS-WRIGHT STUDIO (Debbi Graff)
SMITH STUDIOS (Pepper Smith, Joan Thorpe)
SF BALLET SCHOOL (Lew Christensen)
SF CONSERVATORY OF BALLET AND THEATRE ARTS (Mme. Lanova)

Creative Dance


BAPTISTE CENTER
*COMMUNITY MUSIC CENTER
*NEIGHBORHOOD ARTS (Dede Moss)
*N.U.A.N.C.E. (Bob Spriggs)
PETERS-WRIGHT STUDIO (Anne Stevens, Mimi Platner, class for boys; Ed Mock, mother-child class)
SF DANCE THEATRE (Margaret Arnold)



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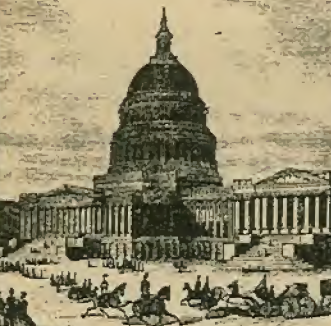
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By Dorothea Katzenstein
and Vicki Sufian

It's not so easy anymore to celebrate July Fourth like they did back in Rock Rapids. For most Californians, safety regulations have tamed the Fourth to a passive seat at the Chron's Candlestick Park sky show and the quiet fizzle of a sparkler or two.

No fireworks of any kind, including the non-explosive "Safe and Sane" variety (paper caps, snakes, sparklers, pin-wheels) can be legally sold or used in the City or in Marin or Alameda Counties. These varieties are legal some places in the Bay Area (Santa Clara and San Mateo Counties), but only during the week preceding the Fourth, when they're transported in concrete bunkers to guard against premature explosion. And in most cities, they can be sold only by non-profit organizations through contract with wholesale distributors.

Those flashy sky shows, called Public Display fireworks by those who speak the language, are governed by even tighter controls. Only a state-licensed pyrotechnician can handle them and, even then, only with permits from the police and fire marshal and payment of a heavy security bond against damage or injury.

California has "the best fireworks regulations in the country," says Charlie Price of Jet Dragon Fireworks in Redwood City, who's been in the business for 27 years and ought to know. The state has strict specifications on materials, size and construction of fireworks which do, Charlie admits, "put a strain on our imaginations in thinking of new ideas."

But American ingenuity wins out: Redwood City's display this year will have "the biggest fireworks ever to go off in Northern California," says Division Manager Leo Crawford of Red Devil Fireworks in San Carlos, which produced the 178-lb. monster. The 24-inch-diameter shell will climb 2,000 feet into the air before it pops, and Crawford's

sure it will "light up all of Redwood City."

The quiet word from the SF Police Department is that no one will get busted for possession of illegal sparklers unless the neighbors complain. So for the nostalgic San Franciscan, we listed a few spots outside the city limits that will sell the few remaining kinds of legal fireworks starting June 28.

IN DALY CITY:

Our Lady of Mercy Men's Club will set up a stand at Westlake Shopping Center

Rotary Club, at Lake Merced and Alemany Blvd.

Serramonte Homeowners, King Road and Callan Blvd.

PALS, at the Safeway on Old Bayshore Our Lady of Perpetual Help, at the Mayfair Market on Mission

Host Lion's Club, the Mayfair Market on Geneva Ave.

Knights of Columbus, across from the Cow Palace

Brisbane Lion's Club, foot of Geneva Ave. (SP Yards)

Jefferson High School Boosters Club, on First Ave.

Sisterhood of B'Nai Israel, Junipero Serra at 87th Ave.

IN COLMA:

Rainbow Girls, Chapter 208, in the Gemco parking lot

Holy Angels Men's Club, at the Safeway on Washington St.

But if you don't want to do it yourself, you can see the Candlestick Park fireworks beginning at dark. The top of Mt. San Bruno, Potrero Hill, Twin Peaks, Candlestick Hill or Bernal Heights will give you a birds-eye view of the show.

OTHER JULY FOURTH CELEBRATIONS IN THE BAY AREA:

CORTE MADERA TOWN PARK: Free pancake breakfast, firemen's ballgame (Joe Wagner Field, Larkspur), arts and crafts festival, children's penny carnival,

music and song (Myrtle Dahl Rural Band, Kent Jr. High Dixieland Band, Hydra and Generation Gap), parade, chicken barbecue (Corte Madera Recreation Center) and street dance (Recreation Center) with the Adults Only Jazz Band and Thompson Brothers Country Music.

VALLEJO: Parade, 10 a.m.; band concerts, pom pom contests at waterfront; lighted boat parade and fireworks on waterfront at dark; sailboat races at Dan Foley Park (follow Tuolumne to end).

SANTA ROSA: Heritage of Freedom. Fireworks across from Tanforan Shopping Center, El Camino/Sneath Lane, at dark.

REDWOOD CITY: Parade of floats, drill teams, majorettes, old cars, decorated cars, downtown Redwood City, 10:30 a.m.; fireworks at dark.

ROSS: Marin Art & Garden Center, 10 a.m.-8 p.m., \$1.50. Barbershop quartets, early-day fashion show, banjo band, calliope, food, display of specimen plants, native California plants. Park at College of Marin, Kentfield; take shuttle bus to Center.

DANVILLE: Community Celebration, Charlottewood School, So. Hartz Ave./San Ramon Valley Blvd., 7:30 a.m. to dusk. Pancake breakfast, 7:30-11:30 a.m. Greased pole contest, pony rides, frog-jumping contest, booths with games and food, old-time film festival.

Parade from San Ramon Valley H.S., Love Lane/No. Hartz Ave. down Hartz to Charlottewood School, 10-11 a.m. Fireworks at San Ramon Valley H.S., 9 p.m.

MORGAN HILL: Parade, 10 a.m.; barbecue, noon; diaper derby, gymkana; Friendly Inn, Crest/Main. Game and food booths outside of Friendly Inn. Fireworks at dark.

WILLITS (Mendocino County): Frontier Days.

PLACER COUNTY: Auburn, Great Medicine Show; Forest Hill, old-fashioned celebration with barbecue and concessions; Colfax, parade and entertainment; Lincoln, town celebration.

MONTEREY: Sloat Landing re-enactment, fireworks.

NEVADA CITY: Fourth of July parade (Dan O'Neill's favorite). □

CELEBRATING THE



Photo: Roger Lubin

-THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Continued from page 1

drugstore in Spencer that had a big stock of fireworks and they caught fire one night and much of the downtown went up in a spectacular shower of roman candles and sparkling fountains.

The story was hard to pin down, and seemed to get more gruesome every year—but, we were told, this was why Iowa banned fireworks years before, why they were so dangerous and why little boys shouldn't be setting them off. The story, of course, never made quite the intended impression; we just wished we'd been on the scene.

My grandfather was the town druggist (Brugmann's Drugstore, "where drugs and gold are fairly sold," since 1902) and he said he knew the Spencer druggist personally. Fireworks put him out of business and into the poorhouse, he'd say, and walk away shaking his head.

In any event, firecrackers weren't much of an issue past noon—the Fourth celebration at the fairgrounds was getting underway and there was too much else to do. Appropriately, the celebration was sponsored by the Rex Strait post of the American Legion (Strait, so the story went, was the first boy from Rock Rapids to die on foreign soil during World War I); the legionnaires were a bunch of good guys from the cleaners and the feed store and the bank who sponsored the American Legion baseball team each summer.

There was always a big carnival, with a ferris wheel somewhere in the center for the kids, a bingo stand for the elders, a booth where the ladies from the Methodist Church sold homemade baked goods, sometimes a hootchy dancer or two, and a couple of dank watering holes beneath the grandstand where the VFW and the Legion sold Grainbelt and Hamms at 30¢ a bottle to anybody who looked of age.

Later on, when the farmboys came in from George and Alvord, there was lots of pushing and shoving, and a fist fight or two.

In front of the grandstand, out in

the dust and the sun, would come a succession of shows that made the summer rounds of the little towns. One year it would be Joey Chitwood and his daredevil drivers. (The announcer always fascinated me: "Here he comes, folks, rounding the far turn . . . he is doing a great job out there tonight . . . let's give him a big, big hand as he pulls up in front of the grandstand . . .")

Another year it would be harness racing and Mr. Hardy, our local trainer from Doon, would be in his moment of glory. Another year it was tag team wrestling and a couple of barrel-chested goons from Omaha, playing the mean heavies and rabbit-punching their opponents from the back, would provoke roars of disgust from the grandstand. (The biggest barrel-chest would lean back on the ropes, look menacingly at the crowd and yell, "Aw, you dumb farmers. What the hell do you know anyway?" And the grandstand would roar back in glee.)

One year, Cedric Adams, the Herb Caen of Minneapolis, would tour the provinces as the emcee of a variety show. "It's great to be in Rock Rapids," he would say expansively, "because it's always been known as the 'Gateway to Magnolia.'" (Magnolia, he didn't need to say, was a little town just over the state line in Minnesota which was known throughout the territory for its liquor-by-the-drink roadhouses. It was also Cedric Adams' hometown: his "Sackamenna.") Adams kissed each girl (soundly) who came on the platform to perform and, at the end, hushed the crowd for his radio broadcast to the big city "direct from the stage of the Lyon County Fairgrounds in Rock Rapids, Iowa."

For a couple of years, when Rock Rapids had a "town team," and a couple of imported left-handed pitchers named Peewee Wenger and Karl Kletschke, we would have some rousing baseball games with the best semi-pro team around, Larchwood and its gang of Snyder brothers: Barney the eldest at shortstop, Jimmy the youngest at third base, John in center field, Paul in

left field, another Snyder behind the plate and a couple on the bench. They were as tough as they came in Iowa baseball.

I can remember as if it were yesterday at Candlestick, the 1948 game with the Snyders of Larchwood. Peewee Wenger, a gawky, 17-year-old kid right off a high school team, was pitching for Rock Rapids and holding down the Snyder artillery in splendid fashion. Inning after inning he went on, nursing a small lead, mastering one Larchwood batter after another, with a blistering fastball and a curve that sliced wickedly into the bat handles of the right-handed Larchwood line-up.

Then the cagey Barney Snyder laid a slow bunt down the third base line. Wenger stumbled, lurched, almost fell getting to the ball, then toppled off balance again, stood helplessly holding the ball. He couldn't make the throw to first. Barney was safe, cocky and firing insults like machine gun bullets at Peewee from first base.

Peewee, visibly shaken, went back to the mound. He pitched, the next Larchwood batter bunted, this time down the first base line. Peewee lurched for the ball, but couldn't come up with it. A couple of more bunts, a shot through the pitcher's mound, more bunts and Peewee was out; he could pitch, but, alas, he was too clumsy to field. In came Bill Jammer, now in his late 30s, but in his day the man who beat the University of Iowa while pitching at a small college called Simpson.

Now he was pitching on guts and beer, a combination good enough for many teams and on good days even to take on the Snyders. Jammer did well for a couple of innings, then he let two men on base, then came a close call at the plate. Jammer got mad. Both teams were off the bench and onto the field and, as Fred Roach wrote in the Rock Rapids Reporter, "fisticuffs erupted at home plate." When the dust cleared, Jammer had a broken jaw, and for the next two weeks had to drink his soup through a straw at the Joy Lunch. John Snyder,

it was said later, came all the way in from center field to throw the punch, but nobody knew for sure and he stayed in the game. I can't remember the score or who won the game, but I remember it as the best Fourth ever.

At dusk, the people moved out on their porches or put up folding chairs on the lawn. Those who didn't have a good view drove out to the New Addition or parked out near Mark Curtis' place or along the river roads that snaked out to the five-mile bridge and Virgil Hasche's place.

A hush came over the town. Fireflies started flickering in the river bottom and, along about 8:30, the first puff of smoke rose above the fairgrounds and an aerial bomb whistled into the heavens. BOOM! And the town shook as if hit by a clap of thunder.

Then the three-tiered sky bombs—pink, yellow, white, puff, puff, puff. The Niagara Falls and a gush of white sparks.

Then, in sudden fury, a dazzling display of sizzling comets and aerial bombs and star clusters that arched high, hung for a full breath and descended in a cascade of sparks that floated harmlessly over the meadows and cornfields. At the end, the flag—red, white and blue—would burst forth on the ground as the All-American finale in the darkest of the dark summer nights. On cue, the cheers rolled out from the grandstand and the cars honked from the high ground and the people trundled up their lawn chairs and everybody headed for home.

Well, I live in the city now, and I drive to Daly City with my son, Danny, to buy some anemic stuff in gaudy yellow and blue wrapping and I try unsuccessfully each year to get through the fog or the traffic to see the fireworks at Candlestick. But I feel better knowing that, back where I come from, everybody in town will be on their porches and on the backroads on the evening of the Fourth to watch the fireworks and that, somewhere in town, a little boy will put a big firecracker under a tin can on a wood porch, then light out for the lilacs behind the barn. □

EDITORIALS

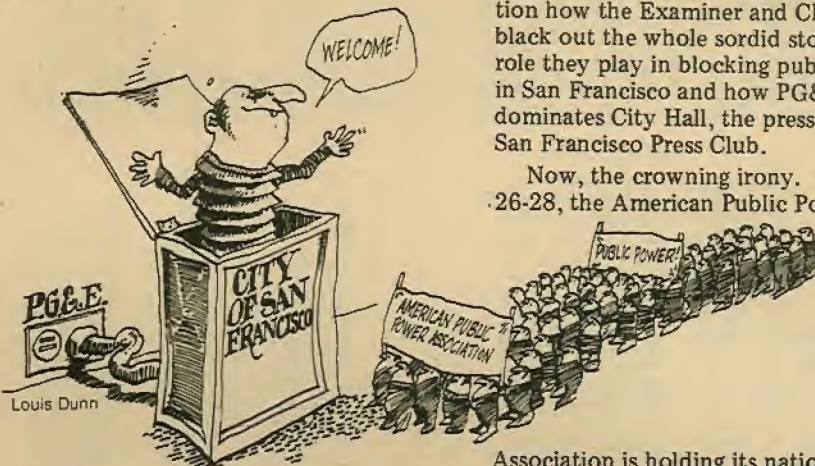
Alioto in Afghanistan

NEWS ITEM: Mayor Alioto will give the welcoming address on June 26 for the American Public Power Association convention at the Hilton Hotel.

Mayor Alioto tossed one of his patented spitballs at the Democratic Party Platform Committee on June 12: he spent an hour denouncing the evils of monopolies and talking about General Motors, Westinghouse, et al., without once mentioning his own home town monopoly, the granddaddy of them all, PG&E's gas and electric monopoly.

He rightly argued that "monopoly is a subtle pickpocket, but a pickpocket nonetheless." But he neglected to tell the committee how PG&E, the biggest pickpocket in town, has had its way with a succession of San Francisco mayors and supervisors for five decades.

Our mayor didn't point out that for 47 years the City of San Francisco has allowed PG&E to sit as an illegal private power monopoly in San Francisco. He didn't say that San Francisco has, as a result, refused to sell its own citizens its own cheap Hetch Hetchy power in violation of public power mandates in the city charter and federal law and U.S. Supreme Court decisions. (In journalism, this technique is called Afghanistanism: the propensity to flail away at



evils in Afghanistan rather than down the street at City Hall.)

Meanwhile, Alioto's rambling speech destroyed the committee hearing's aim to bring party platform-making to the grass roots. His hour of talking left only about 10 minutes apiece for other witnesses—and, once he left, much of the city's tag-along press went as well.

A few days later, Alioto spoke to a meeting of newspaper editors at Stanford and scolded them for doing such a lousy job on reporting the misdeeds of monopolists.* He's sure got a point there, but again—what about the biggest private electric monopoly in the world,

that robs the people of San Francisco of \$40 million a year? He didn't mention how the Examiner and Chronicle black out the whole sordid story, the role they play in blocking public power in San Francisco and how PG&E still dominates City Hall, the press and the San Francisco Press Club.

Now, the crowning irony. On June 26-28, the American Public Power

Association is holding its national conference of more than 2,000 public power cities that enjoy 1. cheaper utility rates than San Francisco; 2. generous tax subsidies from public power revenues that would otherwise go to private power executives and stockholders; 3. local control of a vital public service; and 4. freedom from political and economic domination by those "subtle pickpockets," the private power monopolists.

Who is hosting this conference of public power cities in San Francisco, the city that wanted the Raker Act, often called "The Magna Carta of Public Power?" None other than Mayor

Alioto's let-PG&E-rob-us-blind Public Utilities Commission. And who is giving the welcoming speech to the public power representatives? None other than that old monopoly-fighter himself—Joseph L. Alioto.

We hope his speech is short and he leaves time for lots of questions.

NOTE: We suggest that the APPA convention, in the tradition of two great public power fighters, George Norris and Harold Ickes, take its public power message direct to the people who need it most: the citizens of San Francisco.

We suggest that the APPA delegates: 1. call for the City of San Francisco to enforce the city charter and the Raker Act, buy out PG&E and bring its own public power to its own citizens; 2. as a practical move, ask the Supervisors and the PUC to begin immediately a feasibility study on buying out PG&E; 3. ask for a congressional investigation, perhaps through Sen. Fred Harris of Oklahoma, into why the city has sold out its citizens to PG&E for 47 years.

*Alioto also didn't mention the Examiner/Chronicle monopoly, which lobbied through Congress a special exemption from the anti-trust laws to fix prices and pool profits because they were "failing newspapers."

Catch-22 at Soledad

"I am outraged and appalled. As a citizen of California and a State Legislator, I extend my personal apology to Frank Rundle and Tony Pewitt for the gross and grave injustices done to them, and I pledge I and other legislators will not let this issue be whitewashed."

—Sen. Nicholas Petris, calling for a formal investigation of the Pewitt/Rundle bugging case.

The plot thickens in the Soledad bugging/frame-up attempt described by Don Jelinek in the June 22 Guardian. We've gone round and round the bureaucratic tree with officials from the Attorney General's office and Dept. of Corrections—and there now are more unanswered questions than ever.

Doesn't it matter to the Attorney General, for example, that one of his agents, Norm Gard, played a key role without authorization in the abortive attempt to use bugging equipment to implicate Dr. Frank Rundle, a fired Soledad psychiatrist, in two Soledad murders?

Doesn't the Dept. of Corrections consider it a serious matter that several of their guards took the law into their own hands and used the threat of parole denial to force an inmate to cooperate against his will in the attempt to frame Rundle?

Not a whit, judging from the reaction of state Corrections and A.G. officials. To them, it was all a misguided lark, nothing more.

They pretty much admit, when they comment at all, that the scenario Jelinek laid out was exactly right.

The Dept. of Corrections, at least, ran its own investigation into the affair. But it was a half-hearted, self-protective effort. The guards involved in the plot were disciplined, but their punishment came not because they tried to frame Rundle, but because, according to Corrections pressman Phil Guthrie, "the pass [used to free Pewitt for the mission] was obviously improper...an inmate was taken out by our employees without any knowledge of their supervisors."

The "discipline" meted out to the guards? Corrections refuses to say; but the men are still on the job, Comacho is still a guard sergeant, and it looks to us as if all that happened was some wrists were tapped.

We're talking here about a correctional system that throws inmates into solitary for the slightest infraction of prison rules, as it did Pewitt for not cooperating in the frame-up.

But the Dept. of Corrections' response looks positively fierce compared to the Attorney General's. It was the

A.G.'s agent Norm Gard, remember, who supplied the electronics for the bugging and sat outside Rundle's house hoping to cull some information with which to incriminate the psychiatrist.

"Norm Gard has received no disciplinary action in the past year and I contemplate no disciplinary action," we were told by a hostile Joe McVarish—Gard's boss and chief of the A.G.'s Bureau of Investigation.

Doesn't McVarish think any of Gard's activities were questionable? Here's where the Catch-22 comes in:

"Any information concerning that [Gard's possible misconduct] would have to come from the Dept. of Corrections." Why? Because, it seems, Corrections had requested an investigator from the A.G. some time ago to look into the Soledad murders, and had gotten Gard. What he did on assignment, said McVarish, is Corrections' concern.

So we went back to Raymond Procunier, director of the Dept. of Corrections, and asked him whose responsibility Gard was. "When we did our investigation," he replied, "we notified the Attorney General's office that Norm Gard was involved with Comacho [in the bugging]; it's up to them to decide whether what he did was improper." Stalemate.

As Procunier sees it, "Comacho conceived, set up and financed the mission... I did not set this up and I did not authorize it... I did not request any-

body [from the A.G.] to help Comacho."

Back to Joe McVarish: "There was no problem with what Norm Gard did. We have received no complaint from the Dept. of Corrections or anybody else." What about the Guardian's formal demand for an investigation? Nope, says McVarish, "you're not a party to the matter."

Well, can Tony Pewitt and Frank Rundle, who were obviously involved, ask the A.G. to look into Gard's conduct? No again. Not Pewitt, on whom Gard fastened the bug, because "it seems he was a willing party." Not Rundle, who was the target of the plot, because "he should complain to his DA."

If it's true that Comacho was acting alone, why did Gard tag along so willingly, equipment at the ready? Does one Soledad guard sergeant have so much power that he can command an A.G.'s investigator, spirit convicts in and out of prison, get the Adult Authority to suspend Pewitt's release date, convince the Bakersfield police to reopen a four-year-old murder case, mastermind the complicated attempt to frame Rundle? Is this how the prisons and the A.G.'s office are run in California?

We repeat: someone, somewhere, ought to do a complete investigation, and we're pleased to see that Sen. Nicholas Petris is formally calling for one.

By Bill Ristow

Tom Mellon's 'Trickle Down' Policy

Once again, CAO Tom Mellon has divvied up the annual Hotel Tax fund as if he's still on the payroll of the Chamber of Commerce. The \$2.2 million slush fund, culled from a 5.5% occupancy tax on all SF hotel bills, is designated for "publicity and promotion" to bring in tourists, but in reality much of the cache goes to subsidize highrise promoters, big private businesses and dusty anachronisms of city diplomacy.

A quick glance down the list shows the Bay Area Council with a \$1,000 grant, the California State Chamber of Commerce with \$1,000 and the SF Chamber with \$6,000.

But the bulk of the total—nearly \$1 million—goes to groups like the SF Convention and Visitor's Bureau, the Marine Exchange and the Redwood Empire Association. Ostensibly these organizations whose directing boards read like a roster of the transportation/media/utilities/banking business—attract and serve the SF tourist trade, but in large part, they're using this tax windfall as a cheap

way to advertise and promote their private members.

For example: their brochures, maps and free information on where to eat, drink, sleep, shop and sight-see in the City's vacationland "recommend" the very same restaurants, hotels, stores and galleries of their member businesses, who pay dues for the privilege of being listed in the SF tourist guides.

"We don't exactly push tourists to patronize our members," says Carney Campion, Redwood Empire general manager, "but we do try to give them an attractive exposure in our pamphlets. We can't list every restaurant or hotel—we just wouldn't know where to start." Who do they list? "So we list only our own members."

The Convention Bureau has the same policy of promoting its own dues-payers in its literature given to tourists at Visitor's information centers around the city. Smaller eating or entertainment spots, many with the real flavor of San Francisco, don't get plugs because they

can't afford the membership dues.

And what's really annoying: though public Hotel Tax funds back 75% of its big budget, the bureau releases dates and information on upcoming conventions only to its private members. Says General Manager Robert Sullivan, "No one would pay to join if we gave advance information free to anyone."

Another big chunk supports activities that are at best outdated and at worst ridiculous. Thomas Miller, Mellon's assistant, admits that some allocations "might be considered anachronistic," but offers no other justification than "they've always gotten our support" for grants of \$2,000 for Keys to the City, \$3,500 for the SF Giants (will the subsidy to the Giants never end?) Souvenir Edition Ad, \$2,000 for the Sister City Program, or \$20,000 for a contingency fund that's "hardly ever spent."

Or \$10,000 for Travel Expenses and Entertainment of Distinguished Guests (Miller couldn't recall who traveled where or who was entertained last year). Or \$19,500 for the Regional Service Committee, consisting of one William Losh in his Kearny St. office where he's

held this solitary job since 1939.

His one-man committee exists to "promote good will," as he puts it, with surrounding communities, give away trophies at state fairs and the like ("We used to get beautiful silver bowls from Shreve's, but it just got too expensive... now they're only plated").

That leaves less than \$1 million of the \$4 million tax fund to aid more than 50 cultural activities ranging from the SF Symphony and Ballet to station KQED and the Neighborhood Arts Program.

It's a piddling amount to support SF's varied cultural needs, and recipients usually get less than a fraction of what they request. New groups rarely enter the gifted ranks (32 new organizations applied this year, but only two were approved), while traditional concerns collect their chunk year after year.

A plea for next year: Please, Mr. Mellon, let's have more money for the cultural organizations that need it, and let old pals in the Chamber, the Downtown Association and the Convention Bureau pay their own advertising bills.

By Dorothea Katzenstein



For a bang-up Fourth... see the Guardian celebration list on p. 10.

Mon. 26

PITSCHER PLAYER BENEFIT: an excellent funny group which performs for free every Fri. and Sat. at Intersection. Go tonight and help keep them in existence. Intersection, 756 Union, 8 p.m., \$1.

PUT ON YOUR blue suede shoes and "Rock Around the Clock" with Bill Haley and the Comets; also musical sequences from "Popcorn," with the Rolling Stones, Jini Hendrix, Otis Redding, Traffic, Joe Cocker and others, The Longbranch, 2504 San Pablo, Berk. For more info. call: 548-9696.

TUBA ORGY: "Howard Johnson's Grand Coming-Out Party for the Tubas," tubas—from renaissance to rock, KPFA, 8 p.m.

"CONVERSATIONS WITH THE DEAD," a powerful photographic exhibit of prisoners in six Texas penitentiaries, 1952 Union, noon-8 p.m.

Tues. 27

JANE FONDA, before her "Fuck the Army" shows, as comic book heroine in "Barbarella," Surf Theatre, Irving/46th, thru June 28. For times call: 664-6300.

MERRY CLAYTON BELTS it out, Chuck's Cellar, 4926 El Camino Real, Los Altos. For more info. call: 964-0220.

ALLAN JACOBS, city planning director, on Bay Area Reports, a TV audience call-in program, Dial 864-2000 and ask him why he looks so bored at neighborhood planning meetings, KQED, channel 9, 7:30 p.m.

"INTOLERANCE," by D.W. Griffith, one of the most structurally complex films ever made, four simultaneous stories connected only by theme, Pacific Film Archive, University Art Museum, 2621 Durant, Berk., 7:30 p.m., \$1.

Wed. 28

WOMEN'S POETRY and Movement, check it out, some excellent poetry is coming out of the women's movement, Intersection, 756 Union, 8 p.m., 50¢.

MIKE FINNEGAN and Jerry Wood, hot jazz rock, Inn of the Beginning, 8684 Old Redwood Highway, Cotati, thru June 29. For more info. call: (707) 795-9955.

"PEASANTS OF THE 2nd FORTRESS," film on land struggle of Japanese farmers and students, Potrero Hill Public Library, 20th/Connecticut, 7:30 p.m.

PHYLLIS DILLER-Skitch Henderson (SF Symphony show), a sterling duo, SF Opera House, 8:30 p.m., \$4-\$8.50, thru June 29. For ticket info. call: 626-8345.

GROUP SHOW with Jesse Allen's paintings of incredible creatures, sort of a "B" show, 2007, 2017.

Thurs. 29

"COSI FAN TUTTE," highlights from Mozart's comic opera, audience votes on content of second half of the concert, SF Jewish Community Center, 3200 California, 8:30 p.m. For more info. call: 346-6040.

GOLFERS: if you want to hit the greens July 4, you must make your reservations today for the city courses, according to Rec. & Park. Harding: 478-9500; Sharp: 751-2997; Lincoln: 387-4422.

AN EVENING OF SURREALIST films, Canyon Cinematheque, 800 Chestnut, 8:30 p.m., Thurs., \$1.50.

Fri. 30

REMEMBER ROSEMARY BROWN? Chopin, Beethoven and Brahms dropped in on her and gave Brown their unpublished works, she says. Interviewed on Vibrations, KQED, channel 9, 10:30 p.m.

***COME OUT FIGHTING:** A demonstration of Dr. George Bach's Fair Fight System for Couples, spon. by Northeastern Mental Health, 9 Scott, 1:30-3 p.m.

***"THE GREAT WHITE HOPE,"** excellent acting, Merritt College, 12500 Campus Dr., Oakl., 7 p.m.

Sat. 1

***SUMMER SATURDAYS** at the Peace Plaza: Koto and samisen, judo, karate and kendo, classical and folk dances, Japan Center, Post/Buchanan, 1:30 p.m., every Sat. thru Sept.

VOICES AND INSTRUMENTS: School of Orpheus performs "Semele," an early chorus opera of Handel, Hearst Court, De Young Museum, 7 p.m., \$2.50.

JAMES BROWN WILL stir your blood, The Cow Palace, 8:30 p.m., Sat., \$4.50-\$6.50. For more info. call: 334-4852.

Sun. 2

"FIESTA CAMPESENA," a great lineup of music and theatre with all your monies going toward the building of farm workers medical clinics. See Malo, Taj Mahal, Luis Gasca & Friends and Los Topos, a Chicano theatre group; crafts booths, posters, buttons, flags from the Huehla movement, Spartan Stadium, San Jose State College, \$2. For more info. call: 652-7213.

A BEVY OF BEATLES: "Yellow Submarine" and "Help," Surf Theatre, Irving/46th, thru July 3. For times call: 664-6300.

CHAPLIN MARATHON: 3 hours of the Little Tramp, Intersection, 106 Union, 8 and 11 p.m., \$1 donation.

***BALLET FOLKLORICO MEXI-** CANO, mariachis, dancing, a fun concert, but go early—last year most spots were filled by 1:00, Stern Channel 104K, 9 p.m.

JUNE 22-JULY 5

By Vicki Sufian

The Bay Guardian Selective Calendar is a biweekly listing of entertainment, cultural and political events, also obscure doings in the Bay Area. The Calendar is suitable for framing, tacking up on a bulletin board or wrapping fish. Notify Vicki Sufian of demonstrations, openings, benefits, events of redeeming social significance. Deadline for next issue: June 30 and every other Friday thereafter. Best to write in early. Call us if you're late.

*no admission charge

Thurs. 22

***"COMPANEROS & COMPANERAS"** and "Isle of Youth," films about Cuba, Potrero Hill Public Library, 20th/Connecticut, 7:30 p.m.

REGISTER YOUR BODY tonight for a women's physical fitness class, spon. by SF Recreation and Park Dept., Sunset Recreation Center, 28th Ave./Lawton, 8 p.m. For more info. call: 558-4055.

"HOW I WON THE WAR," John Lennon/Richard Lester combination, surrealistic Marx Brothers, anti-war film, Times Theatre, 1249 Stockton.

Fri. 23

"BLACK MESA," a film about the rape of the Southwest by the power and coal industries as seen by the Hopi Indians; and "As Long as the Rivers Run," Northwest Indians struggle to hold onto their traditional fishing rights. Proceeds to help complete the "Black Mesa" film, American Documentary Films, 379 Bay, 8 p.m., \$1.50 donation.

HORROR MASTER Lon Chaney in "West of Zanzibar," and a Laurel and Hardy short, Sausalito Youth Center, 413 Bee, 8 p.m., 75¢ donation.

Sat. 24

MUSIC AT TWILIGHT: Deno Gidopoulos (that's right: Gidnopoulos), Bay Area pianist, performs, Hearst Court, De Young Museum, 7 p.m., \$2.50.

"TO FIND OUR LIFE—The Peyote Hunt of the Huichols," "Yaqui Easter Ceremony" and "The Loon's Necklace," three films from Mexico, U.S. and Canada, respectively, bring sitting pillows, Alternative Futures, 2012 Pine, 7:30 p.m., \$1.25 donation.

Sun. 25

GOURMET/ACTIVISTS: "Farm-worker Fiesta," sumptuous Mexican dinner including Tequila-Sangria, folksinging, Filipino dancing and Bola Sete, Brazilian guitarist. Proceeds to the United Farm Workers, SF Lettuce Boycott, First Unitarian Church, Franklin/Geary, 5-10 p.m., \$4 for entire evening, \$2 for concert. For ticket info. call: 776-4580 or 864-5613.

WWII PINUP GIRL Rita Hayworth stars in "Gilda," a melodrama "full of mysterious ex-Nazis with suspicious pasts," Gateway Theatre, 215 Jackson, thru June 27. For times call: GA 1-3353.

***LIVELY OUTDOORS CONCERT,** College Jazz Mini-Festival, Stern Grove, 19th/Sloat, 2 p.m.

CAT MOTHER, hard driving rock, North Beach Revival, 1024 Kearny, 9 p.m.

JOHN FAHEY, master innovative acoustic guitarist, KQED, channel 9, 11 p.m.

MOSE ALLISON, inimitable relaxed blues vocalist and pianist, Bach Dyna-mite and Dancing Society, 311 Mirada, Miramar Beach, 4:30 p.m., \$2 donation. For more info. call: 726-4143.

FOR THE WEEKEND

CAL TJADER, Latin jazz vibraharpist, In Your Ear, 135 University, Palo Alto, Thurs.-Sat., \$3.50. For times call: 328-1480.

JOHN LEE HOOKER, hall-of-fame blues guitarist, The Lion's Share, 60 Red Hill Ave., San Anselmo, 9 p.m., Thurs.-Sat. For more info. call: 454-9856.

STONEGROUND, high-charged gospel rock, Keystone Berkeley, University/Shattuck, Fri.-Sat. For more info. call: 841-9903.

TAJ MAHAL, great blues stylist, Rainbow Sign, 2640 Grove, Berk., Fri.-Sat. For more info. call: 836-0564.

OUT OF THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY: artists, poets, musicians, actors and filmmakers do their respective art, benefit for the Third World Art Center of Fresno, Glide Memorial Church, Taylor/Ellis, 8:30 p.m., \$2.50.

"COMEDY OF TERRORS," featuring an uproarious wine-tasting sequence with Vincent Price and Peter Lorre, not to be missed, Times Theatre, 1249 Stockton, Fri., 99¢. For more info. call: 362-3770.

"IF," stars Malcolm McDowell, life in an English boys school seen through the eyes of one student, interchangeable fantasy, reality, benefit for Red Eye, a San Jose alternative newspaper, Jose Theatre, 64 2nd St., San Jose, 11:30 p.m., \$1.

EXHILARATING MUSIC from "Hug," a nine-piece band with roots in the old "Sons of Champlin" and "Chicago," Sleeping Lady Cafe, 70 Bolinas Rd., Fairfax, Fri., no cover charge, 50¢ beers. Fine dinners, \$2.50, served from 5 p.m.

FOR THE WEEKEND

THE UKRAINIAN DANCE Company brings you those famous high-soaring leaps and intricate dancing in a squatting position, SF Opera House, Thurs., 8:30 p.m.; Sat., 2:30 and 8:30 p.m.; Sun., 2:30 p.m., \$4.50-\$8.50. For ticket info. call: 397-0717.

"SHADOW OF A GUNMAN," a play by Sean O'Casey, about whom Brendan Behan said "... O'Casey's like champagne, one's wedding night or the Aurora Borealis." A Julian Theatre Production, Center for

exhibit of prisoners in six Texas penitentiaries, 1952 Union, noon-8 p.m., thru July 16.

CREATIVE WRITING WORKSHOP, conducted by Diane Di Prima, poet, centers on problems of creativity for women. For both beginning and advanced writers. YWCA, 620 Sutter, 7-9 p.m., every Thurs. beginning June 29, \$1.5. For more info. call: 775-6500.

Mon. 3

***BACK TO THE PEN:** a free course in Aquarian Age Calligraphy, spon. by Neighborhood Arts Program, Sharon Bldg., near the Merry-Go-Round in Golden Gate Park, 7 p.m., starting July 5. For more info. call: 558-2335.

MARCEL MARCEAU aspirants: workshops in Mime and Mask taught by Bari Rofe, a former student of Marceau, Peters-Wright School of Creative Arts, 2695 Sacramento, July 10-Aug. 20. For more info. call: 921-1365.

SCULPTURE IN MOTION: George Rickey retrospective exhibition, stainless steel sculptures moved by air currents from hidden electric fans, SF Museum of Art, McAllister/Van Ness, Tues.-Fri., 10 a.m.-10 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun., 1-5 p.m.

***ROBERTA FLACK**, "a documentary (Flack narrates) of this magnificent singer's childhood in the Washington ghettos, KQED, channel 9, 8 p.m.

University Art Museum, 2621 Durant, Berk., 7:30 p.m., \$1.

PROTEST DEMONSTRATION by mothers who need childcare for their children, Board of Directors meeting, Family Service Agency, 1010 Gough, 4 p.m.

FICTION FREAKS: no book over \$1 at Friends of Library fiction sale for adults and children, Exhibit Room, SF Civic Center Library, noon-6 p.m., thru June 28.

Tues. 4

THE BARBED WIRE THEATRE, performances of ex-cons, Intersec-tion, 756 Union, 8:30 p.m. Open do-nation. Repeated same time July 5.

MERRY CLAYTON, dynamic blues and soul, Boarding House, 960 Bush, 9 p.m., thru July 9.

GLADYS KNIGHT & The Pips, who brought you "Heard it Through the Grapevine," Circle Star, 1717 Indus-trial Rd., San Carlos, Tues., 5:30 p.m.; Wed.-Fri., 8:30 p.m.; Sat., 7:30 p.m., \$3.50-\$7.50. For more info. call: 982-6550.

SPECTACULAR DAME MARGOT Fonteyn with the Vienna State Opera Ballet, SF Opera House, 8:30 p.m., thru July 5. For ticket info. call: 781-7833.

IF YOU ARE a performer looking for a job or you need a musician, call the Marin Performing Arts Guild: 332-5915.

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ARTS FOR CONSCIENCE

POSTERCOPIA: Take a visit by poster into the Bolshevik Revolution, WW I America and Fillmore West. Posters which once plastered the kiosks of Paris, the walls of Florence, now hang at the Poster Gallery. 100 years of poster art: From urgent war propaganda to chic cafe art to psychedelic SF rock concert announcements. Disparate artists: Pierre Bonnard, Ben Shahn, Wes Wilson. Divergent forms: folk-art imagery of anonymous lithographers to art nouveau of Aubrey Beardsley. The Poster Gallery, 2266 Union, 567-4842. Open every day except Mon., 11 a.m.-6 p.m.



AL JOLSON in
"The Heart of New York"
MADGE EVANS
FRANK MORGAN

On O'Connell with these Alien s-paceships of incredible creatures, sort of a psychedelic Rousseau, Vorpel Gallery, 1168 Battery, thru July 31.

"MOTHER," classic of the Russian cinema, Pacific Film Archive, University Art Museum, 2621 Durant, Berk., 9:30 p.m., \$1.

FICTION FREAKS: no book over \$1 at Friends of Library fiction sale for adults and children, Exhibit Room, SF Civic Center Library, noon-6 p.m., thru June 28.

Wed. 5

***POLYTECHNIC INSPIRATIONAL Choir**, "remember your high school choir? This group is nothing like that, they're really good. SF Civic Center Plaza, noon-1:30 p.m.

***SOUL AND BLUES** in the sun: "Electric Church" plays today in the first of the Soul and Blues Festivals sponsored by the Rec. & Park. Dept. A different group every Wednesday. Amphitheatre, McLaren Park, near Shelley Dr. and Cambridge, 1:30-3 p.m.

***"GROWING UP** in a Sexist Society," a discussion for everyone who did or is, SF Women's Col-lective, 3789 24th St., 7:30 p.m.

FILMS OF MICHAEL WEISE, poetic and erotic fantasies, Pacific Film Ar-chive, University Art Museum, 2621 Durant, Berk., 7:30 and 9:30 p.m., \$1.

Sat., 2:30 and 8:30 p.m.; Sun., 2:30 p.m., \$4.50-\$8.50.

For ticket info. call: 397-0717.

STREET THEATRE on the stage: The East Bay Sharks, sort of a SF Mime Troupe, Freight and Salvage, 1827 San Pablo, Berk., 9:30 p.m., 548-1761, Thurs.-Fri.

"HIGH NOON," will Grace Kelly get to celebrate her wedding night? The classic showdown. Trustees Audi-torium, De Young Museum, 2:30 p.m., Sat.-Sun., \$1.

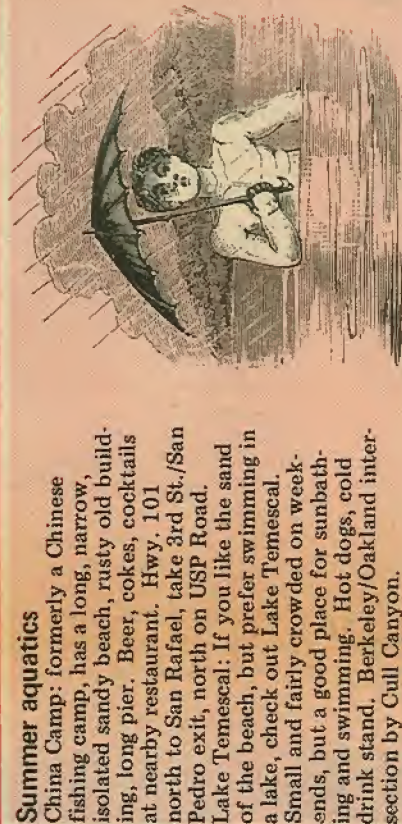
MIKE NOCK, fine jazz rock pianist, backed by bass and drums, In Your Ear, 135 University, Palo Alto, Thurs.-Fri., \$2.50. For times call: 328-1480.

FOR THE FUTURE

baroque to modern, performed by John Thomas Burke, Hertz Hall, UC Berk., 8 p.m., \$2, July 14. For more info. call: 642-2561.

BACH FANS: James Weaver, concert director, Smithsonian Institution, measures out on harpsicord Bach's Concerto No. 6 in C Major, Sonata No. 3 in D Minor, and more Bach of-ferings, Hertz Hall, UC Berk., 8 p.m., \$2, July 9. For more info. call: 642-2561.

BE ON STAGE with The Perfor-mance Group, a New York participa-tory theatre, Zellerbach Auditorium, UC Berk., \$3.50, July 11, 15, 17 and 10 p.m., \$1 donation. July 9.



Summer aquatics

China Camp: formerly a Chinese fishing camp, has a long, narrow, isolated sandy beach, rusty old build-ing, long pier. Beer, cokes, cocktails at nearby restaurant. Hwy. 101 north to San Rafael, take 3rd St./San Pedro exit, north on USP Road.

Lake Temescal: If you like the sand of the beach, but prefer swimming in a lake, check out Lake Temescal. Small and fairly crowded on week-ends, but a good place for sunbath-ing and swimming. Hot dogs, cold drink stand. Berkeley/Oakland inter-section by Cull Canyon.

The SF Mime Troupe, absolutely the best free show in town. Summer repertoire: "The Dragon Lady's Revenge," a full-length mystery thriller about the U.S. government's involvement in the heroin trade in S.E. Asia; "Frozen Wages," a skit about Nixon's New Economic Policy; "Eco-Girl," an expose of the Establishment's solution to the ecology crisis; "The American Dreamer," an anti-war skit; and an, as yet, unnamed skit on highrises.

June 24: "Frozen Wages," and "Eco-Girl," juggling routine, music by Gorilla Marching Band, Dolores Park, Dolores/18th, 2 p.m.

June 25: "The Dragon Lady's Re-venge," Dolores Park, Dolores/18th, 2 p.m.

June 29: World premiere of a new skit on highrises, Embarcadero Plaza, noon.

June 30: Clown Show, Sproul Plaza, UC Berk., noon.

July 2: Clown Show, Ho Chi Minh Park, Derby/Hillegass, Berk., 2 p.m.

July 3: Clown and juggling show, Golden Gate Park, behind De Young Museum.

July 4: "Dragon Lady's Revenge," behind De Young Museum, Golden Gate Park, 2 p.m.

July 7: Clown Show, South Park, near Bryant/3rd, noon.

July 8: Premiere of "The American Dreamer," music, juggling, clown show, Live Oak Park, Shattuck/

campagne, one's wedding night of the Aurora Borealis." A Julian Theatre Production, Center for the Related Arts, Mercy H.S., 3250 19th Ave., across from Stonestown, 8:30 p.m., Thurs.-Sat., \$2.50, thru July 15.

"TREAT YOUR CAR to a tune-up and thwart the war machine," urges April 22nd Coalition. Auto-mobile tune-up clinic, proceeds to the Coalition, Project Artaud parking lot, 17th/Mariposa, 9 a.m.-5 p.m., Sat.-Sun., \$10 plus parts.

20. For more info. call: 642-2561.

WHAT'S HAPPENING in film, TV and electronic music? If you want to know, and have a free week, check out "San Francisco Media Mix," a five-day workshop with filmmakers Bruce Baillie, Larry Jordan and others, University Extension, 2223 Fulton, Berk. Aug. 21-25. For more info. call: 642-4111.

SURREALIST, DADA SHORTS: "The Andalusian Dog," (Dali/Bun-uel), "Entr'Acte," (Rene Clair), "Trip to the Moon," (Melies) and more, Intersection, 756 Union, 8 and 10 p.m., \$1 donation. July 9.

SUPER-LISTS!

Schools and Museums with good cheap films
By Dianna Waggoner

San Francisco
DE YOUNG MUSEUM, Auditorium, Golden Gate Park, 558-4734. Western films ("High Noon," "The Big Country"), every Sat., 2:30 p.m., 50¢ students, \$1 general.
THE JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER, 3200 California, 346-6040. Its social group meets every Tues. and Thurs., 8 p.m., sometimes shows films. No more scheduled until August. A small fee for non-members.
THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA MEDICAL CENTER, Medical Sci-ences Auditorium, 500 Parnassus, 666-9000. Free documentary films ("Fellini: A Director's Notebook"), every Mon., noon. Science fiction ("Forbidden Planet"), and feature films ("Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf") every Wed., 7:30 p.m., 75¢ students, \$1 general.

East Bay
MERRITT COLLEGE, cafeteria, 12500 Campus Dr., Oakl., 531-4911. "The Something for Everybody Film Festival" ("The Great White Hope," "The Gracie Allen Murder Case," "The Fixer"), every Fri., 7 p.m., free.
THE OAKLAND MUSEUM THEATRE, 1000 Oak, 273-3009. Starting July 21, "Musicals of the 50s," ("There's No Business Like Show Business," "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"), every Fri., 8 p.m., \$1 students, \$1.25 general. Free Sunday films to augment Oakland Museum exhibits. July: films on American Indians, 1 and 3 p.m.
THE CAL, 155 Dwinelle, Berk., 642-0212. Episodes from Louis Malle's "Phantom India," shown with general feature film ("Murmur of the Heart"), Thurs., 7 p.m., \$1.25.

THE PACIFIC FILM ARCHIVE, University Art Museum, 2621 Durant, Berk., 642-1412. Films daily, single and double bills ("Sunday, Bloody Sun-day," "One-Eyed Jacks"), 7:30 and 9:30 p.m., \$1.
SUPERB, University of California, Berk. May be showing films this summer, depending on whether they can get the money for it. Price will have to go to \$1, because they have lost \$2,000 by charging only 50¢.
DIABLO VALLEY COLLEGE, Golf Club Rd., Pleasant Hill, 682-7363. Free films Mon., Wed. and Fri. in afternoon or evening. Call to find out times, get brochure.
COLLEGE OF ALAMEDA, Little Theatre, Alameda High School, 2200 Central, 522-7221. Has free films every Tues. during fall, winter, spring quarters. Discontinued during summer.

Marin

SAUSALITO YOUTH CENTER, 413 Bee St., 332-9986. Films selected according to "appeal to film buffs, probable appeal to young, and to the family as a whole." Examples: Laurel and Hardy films, "After the Thin Man." Every Fri., 8 p.m., 75¢ donation, non-members.

COMING SOON: Unusual, inexpensive caterers. If you have a suggestion, call Vicki Sufian, UN 1-9600.

BACK OF THE BOOK

Bay Bight The Death-in-life of a Politician, the Grant Avenue Street Fair and a Method to Measure Skin Flicks

By Jess Ritter



Photo: Roger Lubin

Self-portrait

Born in Los Angeles, moved from the San Fernando Valley before they paved the valley floor. Grew up in Kansas, Texas, Missouri and Arkansas. Country boy when choked by city insularity, city boy when confronted by redneck tunnel vision; thus, American, I guess. College teacher out of duty and love; writer out of love and duty. Have written a textbook, an experimental textbook-magazine, a study of the post-realist novel, and published articles and reviews in *Life*, *The Village Voice*, *Rolling Stone* and *the Bay Guardian*. Threaten to astonish the country with a novel soon.

Too many years ago, I became addicted to fishing regularly in the clean, clear White River back up in the Boston Mountains outside Fayetteville, Arkansas. It was a soothing antidote to the hothouse, bookish pressures of graduate school.

Just outside the Ozark hamlet of Elkins, the Huntsville gravel road crosses the White River on a 19th century stone bridge. Downstream from the bridge, a white-water gravel riffle empties into a half-mile long pool.

Arriving at dawn, just when the mockingbirds were waking up and the chuck-will's-widows were giving their last calls of the night, I would settle in next to the pillars of the bridge and drift large minnows through the riffle into the pool, waiting for the solid hit of a Kentucky bass or the tug-and-run of a lean, clean channel catfish.

I gained a solitary companion on these outings, a taciturn retired hill farmer named Lonnie Brashers who fished from the opposite bank with a cheap, stubby casting rod and a vile-smelling "stink bait" made to his own recipe (rabbit livers, cotton wool, a liberal dose of chewing-tobacco juice, all aged for a month in a glass jar buried in the garden).

After a few weeks of exchanging bait information and admiring each other's catches, we both began anticipating the regular dawn meetings and fishing together. Lonnie's slow Arkansas dialect carried a stream of country lore and survival wisdom I savor even now.

We always met quietly, without greeting, in the 5 a.m. semi-darkness, sharing the awed moment before sunrise when all the river-life momentarily subsided until the rising sun's rays burst through Big Thompson Gap.

One misty May morning we had been fishing an hour after exchanging only

the ritual "Mornin'." Our reveries were suddenly jolted by the blat of a mufflerless, high-speed '48 Ford tearing down the long Japton Hill approach to the bridge. Slowing on the loose gravel, the car continued to pick up speed and went into a long drift getting straight for the bridge approach, then thundered overhead, throwing up a 40-foot high rooster tail of dust and plopping gravel pebbles in the water around us.

As the car's roar diminished in the distance, Lonnie looked up at the bridge, gave a slow shake of his head, spat out his tobacco plug into the river and drawled, "There goes that Junior Dethrige, just tearin' Hell off the cross."

Oblique as it may seem, that simple story is what this column is about: people, and the poetry or failures, both large and small, we make out of the lives we try to live. Behind our news, our politics and our institutions are the lives that straightforward news writing never reveals.

Lonnie Brasher's poetic language, rooted in the Elizabethan English of his forebears, nourished in the everyday struggle of planting and hoeing the rocky Arkansas hillside corn patches, reflects a rich life that perhaps only a novelist can fully recreate. Since contemporary journalism is making room for the narrative and dramatic possibilities of what used to be considered solely the novelist's craft, the Bay Bight will function as a loosely-collected series of sketches, dialogues and vignettes about the Lonnie Brashers of San Francisco.

The politics will take care of themselves, since all writing is a political act. Besides, the most radical act I know of is a newspaper printing the truth as it sees it.

I met Hubert Horatio Humphrey over in Chinatown the other day. Heading up Grant for lunch at Little Joe's with a friend, I noticed a funny little tank-like truck running up and down the streets announcing over its P.A. system that "Hubert Humphrey will be here in Chinatown in just 45 minutes!" I hoped we'd catch him on our way back from lunch, since I've never seen a real live presidential candidate.



Grant Avenue Street Fair: "A truly sumptuous display of handicrafts."

We returned to the intersection of Grant and Washington to be jarred from our somnolent Parmigiana lunch at Little Joe's by the sight of a caravan of four cars halted at the stoplight and big, muscular men with bulging sports jackets running from one car to another. There was Hubert Humphrey in the back seat of the lead car, smiling through the smoke-dark glass of a Cadillac limousine.

The lunch hour pedestrians were eerily unconcerned about this Candidate in their midst. Moving up the sidewalk and pausing about ten feet opposite his car window, I sought to make out what the man was saying. He rolled down his window and tried to get the attention of passers-by; people glanced over briefly and hurried on. The hulking Secret Service men around the car swiveled their heads constantly, raking the street with hard eyes. A drunk brother leaning against the corner building raised his arm, pointed at Humphrey, and belted, "Hey, Man! Hey, Man!" over and over. Three Secret Service men locked their stares on him.

Humphrey was dressed in an expensive dark gray suit. The greasy tan of pancake make-up lay thickly on his face, his hair richly brown from a shiny dye. Since I stood directly in front of him, he extended his hand through the car window. Out of a cursed human weakness, I stepped forward to take it. After all, nobody was paying any attention, and the need—the greed—for attention was embarrassingly clear in his face.

After one step I froze, transfixed by the cold grey eyes of a very big Secret Service man who moved over to stare down my gullet right into my vitals. Remembering Wallace, I stepped back and smiled what I hoped was a disarming smile. Nobody else moved up to shake the extended hand of the big Kewpie Doll. He smiled even more widely and changed the open palm into a V signal which he wagged weakly as the car slid through the green light. Nobody did anything except to look and keep walking.

I haven't been able to shake that memory—of witnessing the death-in-life of a politician. This particular death seems to have set in at the Democratic Convention in Chicago, August 1968.

From poetry at the Ribeltad Vorden in Bernal Heights to the upper Grant Avenue Street Fair was a full measure of the city's rich cultural life this past weekend. On Thursday afternoon, poet, singer, *Desperado* magazine editor Kell Robertson organized a Ribeltad reading by contributors to his determinedly frontier-West magazine: Wayne Miller, Susan McBride, Jack Thibau, Grande Ronde Review editor Ben Hiatt and *Rolling Stone* associate editor Grover Lewis. It was poetry fresh from the back country, reeking not of the scholar's lamp, but of shaping life out of Oregon lumber camps, the Texas plains and New Mexico roadhouses. Jack Thibau (who calls himself "the Gene Kelly of poetry") put some kind of wacky clamp on existence with his outrageous parables such as "Tokyo Rosé and the Kamikaze Pilot." Nicaraguan-American poet Roberto Vargas also reads and chants poetry at the Ribeltad periodically; musicians perform regularly; music and po-



Photo: Roger Lubin

Street Fair: "...the atmosphere mellow but ripped."

gan striking the set, and by 6:00 the empty street belonged to the night-birds of Grant Avenue.

Sexual liberation has brought us the mass-audience skin flick which, in turn, has thoroughly muddled film criticism. Unable to rely on traditional canons of taste and judgment, our film critics flail wildly away (how apply Aristotle's doctrine of the classical unities to a group grope?).

Wishing to dispel this miasma of critical despair currently rising from the film column of our daily newspapers, a methodical writer friend of mine has devised the Erection Index, truly a major penetration into objective pornographic film criticism. With the Erection Index, not only can any filmgoer work out his own table of Erection Indices, critics can also apply the Index as a useful guide in recommending future sex epics. (As there are currently 3-star family films, so also can there be 4.6 skin flicks.)

The method is simple objectivity itself, the formula easily demonstrated. One simply multiplies the number of erections the male theatergoer experiences times the duration of each and divides this number into the length of the film in minutes—thus, L divided by NxD or L over ND. For example, the Bill Osco film "Mona" (80 minutes) achieved an Erection Index of 3.4, reported one of my wan fellow researchers.

Clearly there is need for further refinements of the Erection Index in order to achieve wider objective measurement. A built-in Kink Coefficient must be devised, for instance, to account for the regrettably anarchic possibilities of what turns people on. And my wife has already pointed out the most glaring deficiency of the Index—that it is blatantly male chauvinist. However, I am confident a straight-thinking Ms. film critic, Pauline Kael, for instance, can devise a reliable female analogue to the Erection Index.

Just last week, I am happy to report, the Erection Index quickly demonstrated its usefulness as a critical tool. Applying it to Carol Doda's new "sex epic," "The Rise and Fall of the World..." I got a reading of .0016, a measurement correlating perfectly with writer Gore Vidal's intemperate remark delivered upon stalking out midway through the Cockettes' New York premiere: "Lack of talent is not enough."



Carol Doda: "A reading of .0016" on the Erection Index.

FILMS

'Chato's Land' — The Indian can Call on the Country for Help, the White Man can Only Struggle Against it, and Lose

By Michael Goodwin

Chato's Land
Malcolm X (Loew's)
The Rise and Fall of the World as Seen
From a Sexual Position (Presidio)

I've been out of town, folks, and as a result I've only just gotten around to "Chato's Land," a fine western directed by Michael Winner, and starring two of my favorite actors, Charles Bronson and Jack Palance. If you can still find it playing somewhere, it's well worth a trip to West Portal.

Chato, a half-breed Indian played by Bronson, kills a white man who has threatened him for ordering a drink in a white man's bar. Then, with a large

posse in pursuit, Chato flees for his life—into the desert country where he makes his home. The film employs the standard existential pursuit structure, but while the posse thinks it's trailing Chato, Chato is fighting a guerrilla action—drawing the posse deeper into the alien landscape of the desert.

Patiently, Chato tries to convince his pursuers to turn back—first by driving off their horses, then by draining their water bags—but he refuses to kill them. The posse, made up mostly of Indian-hating rednecks, and led by an embittered Confederate officer (played by Palance), refuses to turn back.

When Chato reaches his home and family, deep in the desert, the posse is close behind. Taking advantage of Chato's brief absence, members of the posse rape his wife and kill his son. Now, relentlessly, Chato sets out to destroy the posse to the last man. In what is, for them, a totally alien environment, the white men don't stand a chance; and Chato strikes, pulls back and strikes again. Finally even two "decent" members of the posse—who had argued against the cruelty of the pursuit—are killed; their karmic responsibility cannot be redeemed by their role as merely verbal critics.

Only Chato is left in the end, watching implacably as the last white man stumbles off into the desert to his inevitable death.

Clearly, there's more going on here than just an adventure story. One wonders if the obvious parallel (the U.S.

vs. the non-white nations of the world) was intended by director Winner, or just inferred by your humble reviewer. It's hard to say—the Vietnam War has made such a deep impression on the American consciousness that some of us tend to see parables where none are intended.

On the other hand, the film works so well as a political allegory that it's hard to believe it's just an accident. In any case, "Chato" works equally well on any number of other levels: as an existential drama, as a study of guilt and innocence, as a karmic parable—hell, there's even some ecology in there.

Westerns, as the American pastoral, have always dealt with the land—one thinks of the buttes of Monument Valley in John Ford's films, or Inyo County in Peckinpah's "Ride the High Country." But in "Chato's Land," as the title suggests, the land itself plays an absolutely central role in the drama. Shot in Spain, but supposedly set in the American Southwest, the hardrock desert country serves both as a symbol of Chato's relentless, unforgiving nature, and of his bond with the land. Chato can call on the country for help, because he is at one with it. The white men can only struggle against it, and lose.

Charles Bronson gives a fine performance as the half-breed—a performance made even more impressive by the fact that he speaks only one line in English, and very few in Indian. On the surface, he is calm, emotionless—but Bronson makes us feel the restrained fury that runs just beneath that surface. His act-

ing is purely physical, and very subtle, consisting of facial expression, body movement, breathing.

Yet this is a full performance—Chato is so fully realized that it comes as a shock to realize that he has no dialogue. Chato is one of Bronson's highest achievements in a long career of character roles. He makes the half-breed thoroughly believable, and deeply interesting—a fully individualized human being.

Good performances by the other actors, and a well-written script, contribute to the film's impact. "Chato's Land" is a tight, unified work of art—there's not a wasted shot or an unnecessary line of dialogue. Michael Winner is a director to watch, and "Chato's Land" is a film to see.

"Malcolm X," a documentary by Marvin Worth and Arnold Perl (with the

Continued next page



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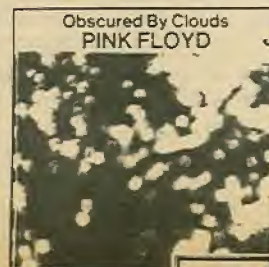
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Continued from previous page

assistance of Betty Shabazz, Malcolm's widow) is a fascinating biography of the man who, more than any other single individual, is responsible for the rise of black militancy in the U.S. The film is essentially a montage, including news-reel footage, TV kinescopes, home movies, interviews, music, clips from Hollywood films and even some shots of the Clay-Liston fight.

Perhaps a partial listing of the people who appear in the film will suggest its scope: Ossie Davis, Ella Collins, James Farmer, Martin Luther King, Bayard Rustin, Prince Faisal, Leon Ameer, Ralph Bunche, Charles Garry, Huey Newton, Betty Shabazz, William Kunstler, Stokely Carmichael, Charles Evers, Muhammad Ali, Elijah Muhammad, Rap Brown and Marcus Garvey. With a cast like that, you know what kind of film you're in for.

The movie is perfectly candid, and extremely honest. There is no attempt

either to simplify or glorify Malcolm X. Instead, he is presented as he was: a human being who made mistakes—and learned from them. This is the most impressive thing about the man: that he never stopped growing, thinking, analyzing. From the early, somewhat simplistic speeches, to the final days when he was beginning to forge the consciousness that would culminate in the Black Panther Party, we see a man in constant ideological evolution. Malcolm X rejected his own ideas as readily as the ideas of others when he found them in error—the sure sign of a committed revolutionary.

For the most part, the filmmakers avoid editorializing and let their material speak for itself. The few statements they make are done with music and an occasional, ironic cut-away. "Niggers Are Scared of Revolution," performed by The Last Poets, serves as an opening statement for the film, and several songs

by Billie Holiday ("Strange Fruit" and "God Bless the Child") are used with great emotional effect.

However, I think one bit of editorialization fails—though the failure may lie more with me than the film. Intercut with a speech about how black people are taught to despise themselves, the filmmakers run a series of short clips from Hollywood films: stock Negroes rolling their eyes, the Kingfish, Steppin Fetchit.

Although one certainly agrees that these stereotypes are degrading, the effect is undercut by the fact that, stereotype aside, Steppin Fetchit is a comic genius—one of the funniest men, black or white, ever to appear before a camera. I found myself fighting laughter—feeling utterly despicable, but unable to stop myself.

But this very minor point aside, what's left is nothing less than a small masterpiece—a film that captures a complex man at a crucial moment in history.

During the opening sequence of "The Rise and Fall of the World as Seen From a Sexual Position" (directed by Arthur Meyer and starring Carol Doda) someone says, "It's just another fuck film." That's exactly correct.

I'm not sure what's passing for hardcore pornography these days, but I suspect that "Rise and Fall" is comparatively tame. Although it offers plenty of genitals for all you genital freaks, there's no in-out—at least not in close-up. Everything is pretty-pretty. Doda balls in a variety of positions, excluding only the missionary one (unless they slipped in a quick missionary while I was stubbing out a cigarette). Her body is grotesque.

One nice thing about "Rise and Fall" is that it's not sexist: men, women and Cockettes are all treated as sex objects with admirable lack of discrimination. But otherwise the film is a pretentious bore, lacking both eroticism and imagination. It's childish to take sex so damn seriously, and, despite a lot of heavy-handed comedy of the "no pants on" variety, "Rise and Fall" is desperately serious about sex.

A very great man once said, "Everything's gonna be made out of plastic." He sure knew what he was talkin' about. □

MUSIC

Platter Party



By Alec Dubro

You don't really have to be a get-down funky reds and Ripple rock fan to like Joy of Cooking. In fact, it would help if you're not. "Castles" is pretty much like the group's other LPs—a kind of bouncy blend of light jazz and rock singing.

According to a usually impeccable and third-hand source, this will be Joy of Cooking's last release. If so, it will be a shame. Not because this is necessarily the best thing they've done, but because the band itself is both unique and a pleasure to watch and listen to.

What makes the Joy unique is that it's a rock band headed by two women in their thirties—hardly the usual success formula. Terry Garthwaite and Toni Brown do all the singing, dancing and writing for the band, and Toni provides most of the melody lines on keyboards. The rest of the band, and they are very solid and tasty, are Fritz Kasten on drums, Jeff Neighbor on bass and Ron Wilson on congas and occasionally harp, tambourine and some

Continued next page

Barney wanted women in the worst way.
And that's the way he got them.

Howard W. Koch
Neil Simon

Alan Arkin

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Paula Prentiss
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Continued from previous page

other percussion. Terry also plays guitar on a lot of numbers.

I guess another important point is that Joy of Cooking is a local band. They played for years in the Berkeley clubs on second billings. Today, they do more national tours than local gigs, but they are worth seeing when they play around the Bay Area.

Terry Garthwaite sounds, in vocal quality, a good deal like the late Janis Joplin, but she neither strives for nor approaches the intensity of Janis. The sound of the group is usually dominated by Toni's electric piano, which has a very smooth and edgeless quality to it. They use harmonies infrequently and generally as a backup on choruses, but they work with them well, if not imaginatively. If there is a criticism of their music, it's in the relative inflexibility of it. But what they do, they do well.

Joy of Cooking has often been called "grown-up rock" or "adult rock," and the title fits them. I remember about five or six years ago it was kind of ominous and depressing to think about the Beatles at age thirty, or any of the rockers wheezing onto stage, wearing orthopedic guitars and all looking rather pathetic.

Well, things have changed in ways subtle and overt, and Joy of Cooking shows that you don't have to switch to Lester Lanin to maintain your dignity after age thirty (or forty or fifty). There is not the only way rock has gotten better with age, but it's one good way. "Castles" by the way, is a B+ record for those who can get behind what I've been talking about.

Every day in the mail comes another message from the distributors of Island records telling me, in effect, that Nick Drake is the greatest thing to come out of the Emerald Isle since English muffins. To that end, they include a totally indecipherable quote from the record reviewer of some British equivalent of the Bay Guardian (like the Manchester Guardian) advising me of Drake's wholly unique musical abilities.

Despite this barrage of flak, Nick Drake is actually good. He is an English folksinger, with a plaintive and slightly ethereal quality and a talent for writing haunting songs.

The unusual thing about Drake is that he managed to get himself recorded with only his voice and his guitar—something no one is willing to try these days. As a result, it sounds almost like a gimmick. But it ain't.

Drake, about whom I have managed to learn only that he is young, very reclusive and too frequently compared to Donovan, really gives us a chance to look at what the folk genre has become. He shows a great absorption of American folk style—in guitar, and also in temperament.

It's a good sign. English folk songs, with few exceptions, have been Britain's substitute for Seconal; they usually seem designed to induce sleep and/or boredom—at least to American audiences. But since the early 60s people like Donovan, a Dylan imitator until he slipped into a sea of English pabulum, found that American folk made for a better time of it.

Nick Drake has managed to maintain an integrity. He doesn't sound either

English or, really, American, yet he could be either. His songs are short and quite simple in sound. I'm no guitarist, but I have an idea that they're not nearly as simple as they seem, melodically.

His lyrics are somewhat submerged; from a reading of them on the record liner, I'd say that it's o.k. They fit the tone of the music, but they're no great shakes. As a whole, though, his music fills the room with a very still and arresting quality.

The major fault I find with "Pink Moon" is that it contains, by my count, 26 minutes of music altogether. I realize that quantity does not make music any better, per se, and that his songs go on just as long as they should, but the list price is \$5.98, and I begin to balk at the thought of paying 22½¢ per minute for music. But listen to it anyway.

Also recommended:

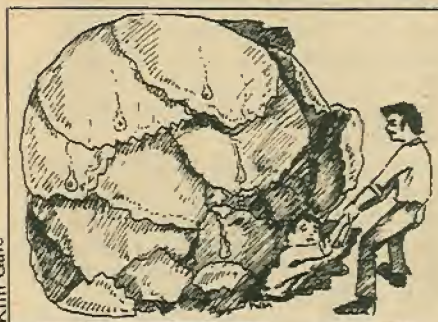
"Exile on Main Street" the Rolling Stones. Don't listen to nay-saying critics. Even if this were less than top Stones (which it isn't) it would still be better than anything else.

Postscript:

This may be my last record review for a while. I won't have the old records to kick around any more. That's because last week some poor oppressed low-consciousness goddamn sonofabitch sneak thief stole my stereo.

Because my dignity refuses to let me go on welfare, if anyone out there would care to keep up with the latest hip, groovy and right-on platters, put me in touch with a free or cheap portable stereo rig through the Guardian. It would be a blow for the counter-culture against cultural imperialism. □

POLITICS



Phoenix, Arizona, June of 1972, a Flashback of Delano of 1965

By Dick Meister

Meister covered Delano in 1965 for the Chronicle. He covered Phoenix in June for KQED's Newsroom.

The scene is Phoenix, Arizona, and it is June of 1972; but it could just as well be Delano, California, in October of 1965.

Here are the Mexican-American farm workers, moving purposefully about a battered stucco building that serves as a community hall for the city's barrio, crimson and black banners all round as they prepare for battle with the growers who employ them.

And there are the Anglo growers,

Continued next page

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DALY CITY

And Other Theatres in the Bay Area

Continued from previous page
standing belligerently in the oppressive heat in crop-heavy fields just outside the city, blaming it on "outside agitators" and, worse, vowing to resist at all costs.

There are others who also seem familiar. Joan Baez, for instance, walks into the stucco building one day to promise the farm workers "whatever you ask." And there are the growers' helpers across town, in the mercifully air-conditioned State Capitol: legislators who are pledged, as one proclaims, "to halt this unrest."

Also, as in Delano in 1965, the farm workers are led by Cesar Chavez, the brilliant, soft-spoken tactician who has become a virtual legend since that beginning in Delano of what has become the United Farm Workers Union.

The goal, too, is the same: to win the right of unionization, the weapon which has been dangled before farm workers for decades as the only way to wrest first-class citizenship from a society which has kept them at the very bottom of the socio-economic ladder.

The casual observer might have thought the battle finally was won in Delano two years ago when, after five years of struggle, the vineyard owners granted union contracts to the vineyard workers.

But instead of prompting growers elsewhere to sign union contracts, it prompted new and stronger opposition.

First, growers called in Teamster Union representatives to sign "sweetheart contracts," which were designed to help growers and union officials rather than workers [Ed: See Meister in 10/26/1970 Guardian]. They have blocked the Farm Workers Union from getting genuine union contracts in the strategic vegetable fields of the Salinas Valley.

Then growers called on the Nixon Administration, which used the National Labor Relations Board to try to limit

the union's use of boycotts against the produce of growers who would not sign contracts.

And now the growers and their allies have started the strongest counter-offensive yet. It is aimed at no less than stopping the Farm Workers Union dead in its tracks; and it has begun in Arizona.

That is why the battle lines have been drawn in hot, dusty Phoenix as they were drawn nearly seven years ago in hot, dusty Delano.

In Delano, they fought to establish a farm workers' union; in Phoenix, they are fighting to keep the union alive and growing.

"We're at a real turning point, a real crisis stage in the union's life," explains Marshall Ganz, the mustachioed director of the union's worldwide boycott activities, part Chicano activist, part Jewish intellectual.

But Chavez, and Ganz and the other union staff members, feel that the only defense now must be a strong offense.

"We were on the defensive for a long time, but no more; we're completely on the offensive," notes another top staff member, Jim Drake, a bearded no-nonsense cleric from the Migrant Ministry.

What they're fighting, mainly, is a bill which the Farm Bureau Federation and other grower interests pushed through Arizona's State Legislature this spring. After the bill becomes law in August, it will be just about impossible to organize farm workers in Arizona and, the Farm Bureau hopes, it will be easier to get similar laws enacted in California and 19 other states where the Bureau is campaigning.

Growers and legislative supporters of the new Arizona law typically describe it as nothing more than an attempt to give farm workers the legal rights that most other workers have had for four decades under the National Labor Relations Act.

They may sincerely believe what

they say. But if such claims are accurate, it means the Farm Bureau Federation has completely abandoned its very longstanding and fiercely-held position against unionization—and there is no evidence that the Farm Bureau has done anything of the kind.

What the evidence shows, rather, is that the push for new farm labor laws is perfectly consistent with the Farm Bureau's traditional anti-union position.

Anyone doubting that need only look at just three of the provisions in the Arizona law.

They bar most workers from voting in the elections which would determine whether a grower would have to bargain with a union. And they strip farm workers of the weapons which have been absolutely essential in whatever success they have had so far—the right to conduct boycotts against the produce of uncooperative growers, and the right to strike at harvest time, the only time when an agricultural strike can have any effect.

The union's main goal now is to get the law repealed, not only so it can organize effectively in Arizona, but also to help blunt the Farm Bureau's campaign for similar legislation elsewhere.

The union's main tactics have been a campaign to try to recall Arizona's governor, Republican Jack Williams, for signing the law; a boycott against lettuce, the Arizona growers' main crop; and a strike in the growers' melon fields.

The big effort is the lettuce boycott. Ganz is trying to put together an organization as effective as that which waged the extremely successful grape boycott, and the union hopes for even greater success this time.

A successful boycott will force Arizona growers "to repeal their own law in order to sign contracts with the

union," says Ganz. But it also will win union contracts throughout the entire Southwest, since a main crop of most of the big growers in the area is lettuce.

The need for unionization seems painfully evident throughout the area. In Arizona, for instance, the latest federal figures show farm workers averaging \$14 to \$15 a day on those days when they can find work, which is irregularly for at least half of them.

This means that most farm workers live at or near the poverty level, and that the effort planned by the union will entail great sacrifice, and require help from the outside.

And so, as he has done before, Cesar Chavez provided an extreme example of sacrifice for the farm workers as they began the new drive, at the same time dramatically calling the attention of outsiders to the union's cause.

Just as he had during the vineyard strike in 1968, Chavez undertook a fast. He ended it this time after 24 days, at a mass in Phoenix on June 4 that drew more than 5,000 farm workers and supporters.

He sat, exhausted but alert, looking up with incredibly sad eyes as the Reverend Chris Hartmire read what Chavez wanted to say to the people who have struggled for so long, and who must struggle much longer still:

"Our opponents in the agricultural industry are very powerful and farm workers are still weak in money and influence. But we have another kind of power that comes from the justice of our cause.

"So long as we are willing to sacrifice for that cause, so long as we persist in non-violence and work to spread the message of our struggle, then millions of people around the world will respond from their hearts, will support our efforts . . . and in the end we will overcome . . ."

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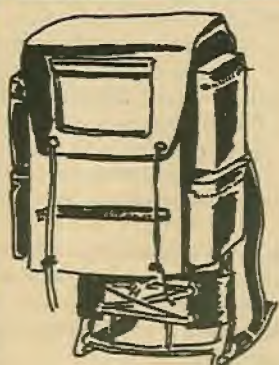
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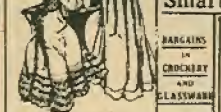
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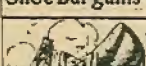
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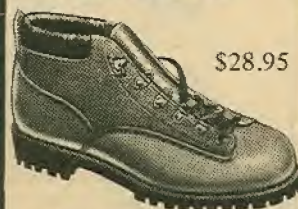
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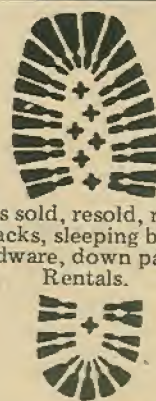
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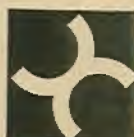
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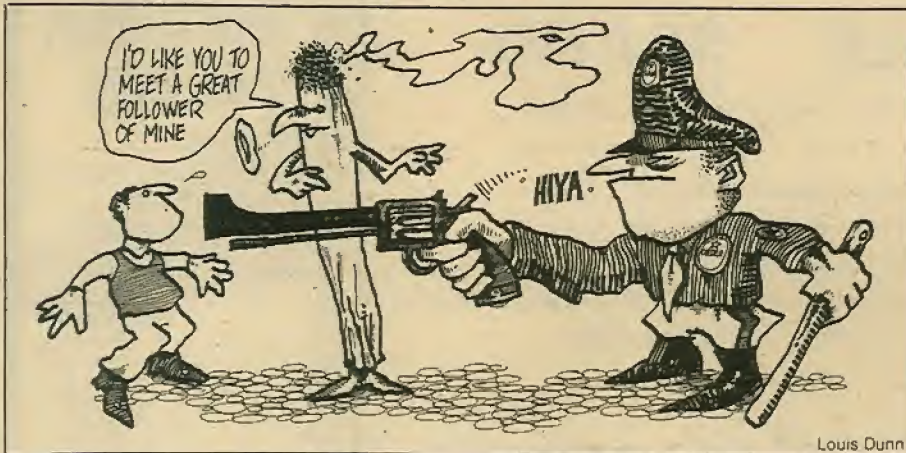
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Letter from the South Bay

Thank God for the Marijuana Laws

By Lorenzo Milam



Louis Dunn

"You will never ever know who your friends are," I was telling my friend the student. My friend the angry and bitter student. One of those students who had recently had the misfortune to be rousted out of bed. At five in the morning. In the supposed sanctity of a local state college dormitory. By the police. They were staging another one of those famous pot raids: to root out the menace of marijuana gnawing at the vitals of American youth. And I was trying to tell my friend the student that it was really ok.

Which was pretty hard to do. He (the student) had the bad luck to leave his quarter-lid (pot) under the socks (top drawer, left); and had the even more unfortunate experience of having to cover his naked frame (he sleeps in the buff, as it were) shivering before the cold eyes and shotguns and pistols of the upholders of American morality and authority. He didn't like it at all.

He didn't like those strange people with their belts and bullets and badges rummaging through his room. As usual, they dumped everything—everything—out into the middle of the floor. Looking, no doubt, for something more pregnant than that thin baggie of weed: looking perhaps for some needles, or—with some luck—a carton or two of plastique. Or whatever it is the fertile bureaucratic mind expects of our modern-day student.

Unfortunately, there were no bombs, nor shotguns (at least on the student's

side of the room), nor grenades. Because my friend the student was not of the revolutionary mold. At least—not up to now.

The whole 5 a.m. experience has chilled him to the quick, though. Chilled: I think what got him the most was standing goosebumps before those uncaring eyes with the fog leaking in the base of the window and him thinking about the grossness of it all and those strange hands feeling through his letters and books and underpants and laundry; going into the laundry and desk drawers and that sorry refuse at the back of his closet.

He was still shaking with rage a month later. Because, you see, like most of his fellow students (they guess the figure to be around 90% now), pot smoking is so much a way of life that they forget the intrusion of the bizarre twisted uptight outside world. They forget—or don't even think about, for Christ's sakes—search-and-seizure. Then they get a full hit of The Law—and for days and weeks and months afterwards they are horrified. And they won't believe me when I try to tell them that it's ok, that they should be looking at the overview.

"You don't realize the importance of that 5 a.m. search in your education," I tell him. "You have gotten a rich and graphic insight into the reality of American Law Enforcement. And at such an hour, too," I tell him, "when your mind is so fresh."

I went on, of course, to suggest to my friend John X (for alas, dear reader, that is his name) that he will never be the same again. Before that fateful visit by 5 a.m. American Calvinist Morality—he was just another one of your woolly-headed, demi-liberal, semi-political, quasi-detached, non-believers; one of your half-assed Peace-&-Freedomites, thinking maybe that there was "something wrong with the system."

Now my friend has gone through a giant conversion, the huge grinding mill of Change and Belief. He is now a serious and deadly student of such diverse topics as the American system of jurisprudence. And the American drug laws. And the American jail system. And American police practices. Most of all—American police practices.

John X: six months ago, a simple flower child, studying the Dramatic Arts at one of your California State Colleges. Now, transformed overnight, into a burning furious angry seeker after truth. "You couldn't believe those jails," he tells me over and over again. Or: "Do you know what it's like to be in front of a judge who is asleep, for God's sakes?" Or: "They didn't even listen to me. And you won't believe what they said when they did the 'skin search.'" My friend the student—through the courtesy of his local (and eager) district attorney, and his equally eager Narcotics and Drug Control Department—now a vehement reformer. And six months ago he didn't know what the phrase 'skin search' meant.

"What we should do," I tell him, "is to strike some special instructional medal-of-honor for your local DA. A gold one. With fig leaves. And a jeweled eye. With the motto 'To See Is To Learn.'"

"Because you, and those fellow students of yours who participated in the 5 a.m. run-in, and at least 75% of your classmates (who felt the Cold Hand of Law sweeping past their doors when they read the black headlines the next day) are now party to a new reality.

"You, and they," I say, to a chorus of groans, "have been given a bit of knowledge which—until 15 years ago—was reserved solely for the likes of your poorest drunk, and black, and Chicano. They only were allowed to attend the School of Hard Knocks and Bad Jails. That DA—with his passionate and egregious need to find the Devil Weed—

should get a nomination by the NEA as Educator of the Year ("Community Problems"). And you and your fellow students should ask him to continue to enlighten you on the Realities of American Law Enforcement over the coming years; or at least advise you of the Where and When of the next class."

It is an unfortunate and cynical habit of mine not to accept the simple. Engels (of all people who should have known) wrote: "Those who imagined that they had made a revolution always saw the next day that they did not know what they had been doing, and that the revolution they made was nothing like the one they had wanted to make." History is not kind enough to reveal to us the workings of the present, least of all insight into the future. Anyway, James Bevel calls it His Story.

When J. Edgar Hoover had the misfortune a few weeks back to pass along to the great fingerprinting plant in the sky, there was a general—albeit hushed—sigh of relief among 'Liberal' circles. Which was and is appalling. Whatever other failings Mr. Hoover may have had—he was a man with a singular and clear vision. A vision completely out of your common run-of-the-mill 1940s G-Man narrow-lapel movie.

For with his black-and-white, small-screen vision—Mr. Hoover forced several thousand ambitious and overweening law students into narrow black shoes, narrow paths of righteousness, and even narrower paths of Moral Behaviour. God knows what Martin Bormanns and Adolf Eichmanns he drove away with such repressions. Our freedoms depend on the stupidities of our men of power.

Nothing is as it seems; nor should it be. It's the Law of Crossed Purposes. The draft—which some consider a grotesque sin—has given a whole generation a vision of the truth of war, and the war machine, and generals, and where all that money is going. The current in our latest series of wars has given all of us—and I mean the common peat-farmers of Louisiana as well as my friend the student—a compelling vision of power, and death, and men's passionate and continuing desire to mangle other men. While television is giving a whole generation what Michael Arlen has called "The Living Room War." Thus, a whole generation is turning from barbarity.

Continued next page

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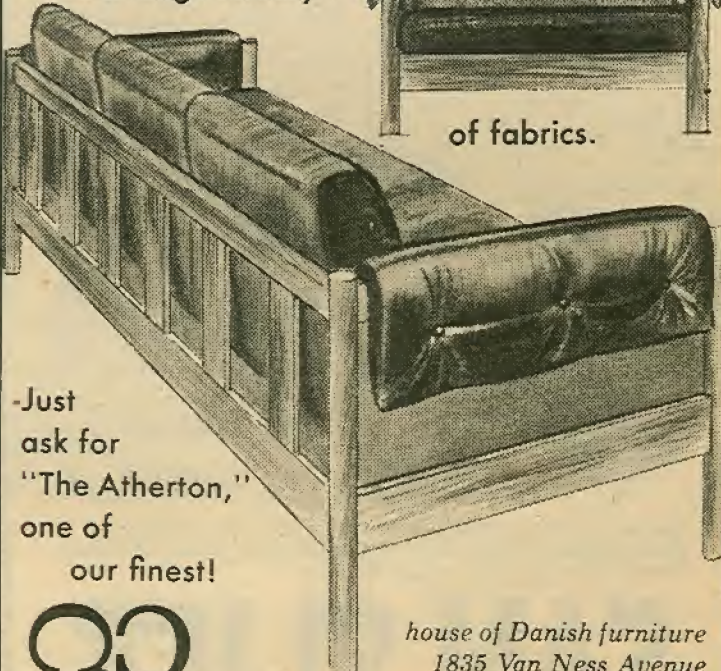
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Continued from previous page

It is not a cynical view, this overview. Ultimately, it gives us the hope of mystery, and the faith in the contrary. Robert Penn Warren called it "the jewel in the forehead of the toad." The karmatic instructions pour forth in an insane babble from the soft wet pink mouth of the hermaphrodite. The secret of eternal life lies just below the brown reaches of the cowpie. Divine salvation spills from the warted hands of the sowbelly southern preacher. The Eyes of Truth are glaucomatous—suppurating amber tears of forgiveness.

Nothing is as it should be. And least of all, nothing will or could be seen on silver wings, or revealed through silver tongues. Nothing. Least of all, the new and terrible knowledge of my friend the student.

FOOD

Cheap Eats

By Marion Bulin

Part 3 of our exciting, continuing adventure in quest of the best food in San Francisco under \$3. Herewithin we venture into the dark reaches of Clement St. and the mysterious southern waterfront

THE SUTRO HOUSE, 522 Clement St., Mon.-Sat., 9:00 a.m.-6:00 p.m.; Sun., 10:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m.

Remember, mon ami, those long sunny afternoons on the Rue de la Paix, sitting in a sidewalk cafe, dis-

cussing love and art? Or the milk-warm evenings on the Piazza San Marco listening to the cooing of the pigeons and the lapping of the waves?

Relive those pleasant memories, cara mia, on Clement St.

The Sutro House combines the tradition of the European sidewalk cafe with the N.Y. deli, San Francisco memorabilia and 1972 Americana.

Nurse a beer in the shade of red-and-white Cinzano umbrellas at the out-door tables, complete with red tablecloths, vases of daisies and astro-turf at your feet. Or cheer yourself on a foggy day with a glass of wine inside the Sutro House. The decor is charming—fern green walls, hanging plants, a red-tiled floor and warm old wood and brass counters. A collection of Victorian beer and butcher signs, elegant gold and black lettering on glass, hang on the walls.

The Sutro House specializes in sandwiches, averaging between \$.85-\$1.25, in maxi-or mini-sizes. The Million Dollar sandwich, a mere \$1.75, is the most expensive. It features Greek sourdough ring bread with your choice—2 out of 3—turkey, ham or roast beef, and choice of cheese. A cheese sandwich—Swiss, Monterey jack, Cheddar or American on good light rye—can be as low as \$.65. My New York deli expert rated the ham and corned-beef as "good-plus."

Salads—potato, coleslaw and macaroni—are merely acceptable at 25¢. Pastries, 45¢, come from the choice Fantasia, Ahern's and Schubert's bakeries.

The sandwiches and salads served on a bed of curled endive leaves with orange-slice garnishes, have an air of luxury despite the disposable white styrofoam plates. The Sutro House uses super-hot horseradish mustard on the sandwiches, which can be an unexpected palate-blowing surprise.

A nice selection of foreign and domestic beers, splits of California

wines and a 3-glass carafe of vin ordinaire (not really a bargain at \$1.25) complete the menu.

Hours are flexible. When someone gets there in the morning, continental breakfast is served. Noon-time is hectic with the lunch crowd. The owners encourage late-morning and afternoon dawdling.

While the Sutro House may be a bit over-priced for the quality and quantity of food and drink, the atmosphere is worth the cost, especially compared to the price of a plane ticket to Europe.



PIER 54 LUNCH, Pier 54 (at the end of 4th Street), 7:00 a.m.-7:00 p.m., closed weekends.

If you were an enterprising hip-capitalist you might take an old "greasy-spoon" on the docks and turn it into a chic SF dining spot.

Decorate the shack by hanging the walls with old shoes, American flags, muffin tins, turn-of-the-century photos, a bad copy of a Renaissance triptych and contemporary wine bottles—sort of a poor man's Spaghetti Factory (Cheap Eats, Part I, Vol. 6, No. 7). Make tables out of telephone cable spools, get the chairs at the Salvation Army. A street artist could display his wares. Food would be simple, good and reasonably priced.

Such a restaurant does exist. It's called Pier 54 and it is the "in" spot to lunch—if you're a longshoreman, sailor or teamster South of Market.

At noon, Pier 54 is hectic, crowded and noisy. The pinball machine goes full blast. By 1:15 you can have a leisurely, quiet meal.

The menu is standard fare, but above average. Sandwiches, ham-and-cheese and the like are generous and

priced from 75¢ to 95¢. Hamburgers and cheeseburgers, 85¢ and 95¢ respectively, are made with thin, grey, pre-packaged meat patties, but the buttered egg-sesame buns make them worthwhile. The Swiss Burger is a best buy at 90¢. Not only is Swiss cheese substituted for bland American, but pieces of bacon are added for extra flavor.

The meatball sandwich at 95¢ is a workingman's-sized portion of ground beef (the real thing), smothered with a rosemary-seasoned, onion-loaded tomato sauce, sandwiched in a soft French roll.

One drawback for french fry freaks and potato chip heads: burgers and sandwiches are served with a portion of green salad with "french" dressing (the pink, sweet stuff).

The "specials" can be pretty special. "Pot roast cooked in beer" turned out to be large slices of rare beef in a piquant sauce. The meal included a large salad (with real chunks of cheese in the blue-cheese dressing), a large baked potato, a serving of fresh zucchini topped with herbs and a choice of pies for dessert.

Another special, a huge Chef's salad: a mountain of romaine lettuce, lots of paper-thin slices of lean ham and rare roast beef, tomato and not-very-interesting cheese slices, covered with Pier 54's excellent blue-cheese dressing. Leaden biscuits, a can of beer and a choice of pies complete the meal. Both pot roast and salad specials were \$1.65, quite a bargain.

Smiling waitresses take your order and call you by your first name when it's ready, so drop some change into the glass on the counter labeled "Tips keep waitresses happy and secure." □

With a little help from my friends: Judy, the shoplifters' F. Lee Bailey, and Roger, people's food freak par excellence.

CLASSIFIED ADS

FREE

The San Francisco Bay Guardian Classified is a regular feature. We accept free classified ads for individuals. They get results: find employment (!), rent a cabin in the woods, sell your sensuous rabbit fur quilt. Keep your ad to 30 words or less; the livelier the copy, the better. We'll run it twice; if you want to run it twice more, give us a call. Deadline for ad copy: Friday noon before publication (June 30 for next issue). If you're a business: check below for business rates or call for classified display rates. Mail (don't phone) your ads to: The Bay Guardian, 1070 Bryant St., San Francisco, Calif. 94103. All classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher.

ANTIQUES

COLLECTORS: The oldest SF Variety Store is open for business 11:30 a.m.-6 p.m., Mon.-Sat. Old china, toys, games, greeting cards, etc. The only one of its kind. Variety Store, 4109 24th St.

THE GILDED AGE

Hundreds of clocks, all guaranteed; rolltop desks; English imports; Victoriana and funk. Near Market St. 450 Castro 621-0609.

CHAISE Longue: rose, down cushion, Provencal style. Best offer: 552-1132.

Celebrate the American Revolution with the San Francisco Mime Troupe—

GOLDEN GATE PARK (behind DeYoung Museum) July 2-4

Sun., July 2-2 p.m.
"The Dragon Lady's Revenge!"
Mon., July 3-2 p.m.
"Frozen Wages/High Rises"
Clown Show
Tues., July 4-2 p.m.
"The Dragon Lady's Revenge!"
FREE!

"dedicated patriotism of the highest order"—New Mexico Legislative Journal

ARTISTS & CRAFTSMEN

The SF International Folk Fair—July 15 and 16, Brooks Hall, Civic Center—seeks quality craftsmen, skilled artisans, makers of internat'l foods, sellers of fine imports from around the world, internat'l entertainers. For information call: 387-0456.

I AM SEEKING employ. as drama instructor and reading coach for private instruction. Call: 826-4892, a.m. Or write and tell me your interests in the performing arts: c/o Perry, 1251 Dolores, SF 94110.

JEWELRY: custom handmade jewelry designed personally for you. Rings, breast plates, arm bands, etc. 824-9334, eves.

HAIGHT ASHBURY Music Workshop Mon./Thurs. 7-10. Children's Center Cor. Masonic-PAGE. Free music instruction, jam sessions, etc. Everybody welcome. **FREE!**

THE SMITHY, a craft co-op. Members needed. Pottery, baby clothes, leather, jewelry, crochet fashions. Supplies/classes, 2100 Fillmore. 563-4811.

WELL-KNOWN SURREALIST artist would like to be commissioned to paint mural or wall, any size: store, bank, home, etc. Small expenses, plus materials. Please call: (415) 986-8075, aft. 6 p.m.

AUTOMOTIVE

VW BUG, '70, auto., 31,000 mi., perf. cond. AM/FM, extras, almost new tires, white w/red leatherette, orig owner. \$1,550/best offer. 236-0209, eves and wkends.

1971 VW Camper looking for a new owner. Can have for \$750/equity, \$3200 or best offer. Still in very good cond. Call: 285-0559 or 826-0223.

'50 FORD, 6 cyl., good body, ex. motor. 387-6004.

PAMPERED '67 VW Bug seeking new owner. Original owner has gently driven 43,000 miles, added package shelf, shoulder straps, rear vent windows. 587-6337.

GET OFF THE ROAD! 4-w drive '64 Willy's Jeep pick-up truck. Power winch for rough country. Good cond., gold color. Waiting for right offer. 583-7635.

SELLING MY 1970 VW Adventure Camper. My finances are grim, so I am anxious to sell. Come see, ride, make offer. Write: Jim Brunke, Box 693, Sausalito 94965.

A MOVIE to be made in the Bay Area needs vintage cars. If you are 16-30 and own a 1953-1962 car, you qualify. If interested, please call Bunny: 457-5300, 9:30 a.m.-5 p.m.

'51 MERCURY: New tires, many new parts and accessories. Make offer. Call Dottie, 457-0129.

DODGE '71 van, V-8 auto. Many extras, ex. cond. 285-3678.

CHAMPION-71, deluxe motorhome 20', like new, only 9,100 mi. Loaded with opt. equip. & necessities. Heavy-duty dodge truck chassis, clean thru-out. Asking \$7,600/offer, must see. 468-2508/appt.

1969 HONDA CB 450, good cond. Windshield, 2 helmets, chain. \$650. Call Bill: 843-2096.

CHEVY 6 FREAKS: The wreckers won't pay enough. Will you?? '53 Chevy sedan delivery, body/brake damage, but efficient reliable power train. Call Snake: 921-1341.

Vendors!



SELL THE BAY GUARDIAN—MAKE 20¢ PROFIT PER COPY

It's the highest commission in the Bay Area's glorious newspaper-hawking history: you buy the Bay Guardian for 5¢ and sell it for a quarter. That's a dollar clear for every five copies you sell. On a good day, with Horatio Alger zeal, you can make as much as \$50 or \$60.

The Bay Guardian publishes fortnightly. Papers may be picked up every other Thursday after 1 p.m. and all day Friday at 1070 Bryant St. (near Bryant & Ninth, two blocks from the Hall of Justice). For more information call the circulation department, UN 1-9600.

'69 HODAKA 100 cc, 2-stroke, runs good. Expansion chamber with removable muffler. \$150/best offer. Bill: 731-0661.

BIZARRE camouflaged 1959 Edsel 6-cyl. 9-pass. wagon; everything works, unique opportunity. \$200. Mike: 564-6785.

'71 VEGA, 4-sp. station wag. 110 eng. fac. air. 11,500 mi., burg. alarm. \$2,850. 454-1157.

NEED PORSCHE Speedster metal frame assembly and side curtain. Call: 285-6573, after 7 p.m.

BARTER

WILL TRADE hand-knit-in-Scandinavia dress (white w/turq and sky-blue shell cascade spilling from neck, size 12-14—never worn) FOR upright vacuum cleaner (pref. Hoover) that works well. Joan: 861-8033.

12 ISSUE GUARDIAN sub for card table; 12 issue sub for 2 chairs (any kind) Sylvia, UN 1-9600.

WILL TRADE Sony 630 reel to reel Tape Corder, almost new, plus many tapes for good cassette recorder and player with Dolby. Call Kim at 457-0129.

EMPLOYMENT

LEADER NEEDED for country "workshop," Aug. Combine skills in spiritual paths, groups, living on the land. Couple preferred. Contact SBC, 2962 Fillmore, SF 94123.

WILL CONTINUE to write record reviews for Guardian readers in return for the use of a stereo rig. Note to Alec Dubro or call Guardian 861-9600.

ADVERTISING

Need bright, creative yg. woman w/car & at least 20 hrs./wk. to sell Guardian ads in Berk. UN 1-9600.

WRITER WANTED. Exporter with extensive dealings in S.E. Asia would like to release never-published info. that could help stop this goddam war. Collaboration with indiv(s) who is writing text on Vietnam. All inquiries in strictest confidence. P.O. Box 26711, SF 94126.

HELP! Guardian needs person for distribution, 25 hrs./wk. Must have van or pick up and live in SF. Call Tom at 861-9600.

WOULD YOU like to hawk Guardians in the Fisherman's Wharf area on Sundays? At 20¢ profit per paper. Call Tom Lea, UN 1-9600.

HELP WANTED, female. Must have good working knowledge of natural foods and nutrition. Must be healthy looking and, most of all, be bright and a self-starter. Cashier experience desirable. Naturally High, 1058 Hyde, SF.

WOULD YOU like to hawk Guardians on Polk Street? 20¢ profit per paper. Call Tom: 861-9600.

A TOGETHER, therapeutic family who really CURES emotionally sick people needs a creative, effective, full-time person to keep the "business" side of things together and help us grow.

He or she should have experience organizing and getting things done: e.g., business, media, politics, teaching, ministry, peace corps...and must be independent enough to develop and effect new ideas. Pay can be very good depending on results; effective people will not get involved in a lot of bullshit work. People are super and hours are flexible. East Bay location. Call Peter: 563-4884.

ACTOR—Comic actor w/experience wanted for radical theatre company. Call Sharon at SF Mime Troupe: 431-1984.

MENTALIST seeks attractive girl (18-22) to help ESP act at parties. Will train. Call David at 939-1350, 6-8 p.m., M-F.

EMPLOYMENT WANTED

BRIGHT fast-working grad seeks employ. Poor record because known Gay. Exposit. writing, investig. journalist, clerical, office machines, teletype, ex-real estate broker, truck driver. Don: 431-6641.

TYPIST will do manuscripts, mailing lists, etc. at my home on electric typewriter. Reasonable rates. Carol: 861-0665.

BLOND, mid 40s, badly needs employment, \$500/mo. min. Ex. bkgrd: book buying/selling, research, illustration/design, copywriting, types 45/50 words, ex. cook/lite housekeeper. Write: No. 308, 440 Post St., SF 94102

VERSATILE typist-edit. Do you want a typing-edit. job done quickly, efficiently and inexpens. Last minute rush jobs my specialty. Your typewriter or mine. Call: 861-9600.

TOP JOURNALIST needs job. Money no object. I'm 24, single, willing to travel. Ex-VISTA. Political science BA. Great ghostwriter, researcher, PR aide. Call Bob: 771-1355.

COLLEGE STUDENT seeking summer employ in SF or Marin. Good writer. Will do any work, any hours. Reliable. David Matscheck, 11-0 Clay St. Apt. 10, SF 94108. 776-7821.

C.O. needs wkend work to survive. 25, dependable ex-UC student, published writer with varied work exper., many local refs. Call Ron, 386-3175 evenings.

FILMMAKER, grad student, seeks f-t work in any aspect of film—processing to camera work. Willing to learn anything and work hard. Call Bert in Pt. Richmond: 234-3734.

GUARDIAN NURTURED high school girl would like babysitting, 75¢ per hr. Sarah: 824-4280.

ANY MENIAL JOB—would love to babysit, clean yard, work in sm. business. Will go anywhere in city or E. Bay. Cheap. Aaron Jr. 585-7104 aft. 7 p.m. (Ingleside).

DAMNED GOOD PR pro. Far too available. No kid. Can help your idea, program, business. Good pay expected, but open to deals. H. Stern, 930 Leavenworth. I'll call you.

MBA, former Mgmt. Consultant, white-collar dropout, 29, married, seeks interesting f/tpt work. Prefer some outside. BC: 566-4775.

THIS IS WHAT I can do: Jeweler (designs, repairs, polishing), copwriter, designer, housecleaner, cab driver, typist—75 wpm. I need a job. Can you use my talents? 431-3356.

GAY ORGANIZATIONS

G.S.O. (Gay Social Organization) Promoting a social and fraternal atmosphere for gay people. New members meet every Mon., 7:30 p.m. For info. call: (415) 771-7949.

SIR, Society for Individual Rights, for homosexual info. and/or publications, contact SIR, 83 6th St. 781-1570.

GAY Activists Alliance offers the homosexual the only alternative to "Gay Ghettoism." Attend the GAA Town Hall Forum, 7:30 p.m. every 1st and 3rd Mon., 5th floor, 26 7th St. (7th and Market), 239-9001, 864-8205.

HISTORICAL shards indicate SF was populated mostly by homosexuals 1850-1860. Anyone who can help fill this lost pg. of hist. with substantiating evidence call Don Jackson: 431-6641.

ALICE B. TOKLAS Memorial Democratic Club. City's all gay fastest growing club. For info. call Jim Foster, 626-4512.

GAY Counseling Service provides info. and positive, supportive counseling for anyone about homosexuality. Offers counseling referral to sympathetic professionals for gay people. Call, anytime, 626-3934.

READ Gay Sunshine Newspaper of Gay Liberation. Sample copy 50¢. \$5 for 12 issues. P.O. Box 40397, SF 94104 (415) 824-3184.

GAY liberation book service—books, pamphlets, poetry. Send for free list. P.O. Box 40397, SF 94104.

HOUSING WANTED

YOUNG COUPLE, with two boys (5 and 3 yrs.), need housing for July. We'll rent, sublet or share rent; will take good care of your place. Please drop a note to 127 Scott St., SF 94117.

HOMELESS young woman desperately needs single apt. Prefer Clement, but open. Rate of exchange: cash (to \$100) and/or work—gardening, household, typing, etc. Sue: 387-2829.

YOUNG (25), professional, liberal woman w/one-yr. old child NEEDS to rent an unfurn. 1 or 2 bdrm. apt./flat/house. Mellow neighborhood for girlchild NOT into crying!!! Prefer Polk St. area, but Clement/9th or Fillmore/Sac. ok. Will pay up to \$185. REWARD. Need by 7/1. Call 469-2364, 11 a.m.-5 p.m. ONLY on 6-28, 6-30; 661-6507, aft. 6 p.m. (any day).

SOFT REVOLUTIONARIES interested in living together, sharing, growing, putting together an "outfront" house, call Bette or Robert 861-0939. Like children, old timers, people.

FATHER AND daughter (5 1/2) looking for mother and child to share house or flat. Bernal Hts. or Holly Pk., elsewhere nr. parks. \$75-100/mo. Could also be family(s). Contact Richard: 285-6145 or 956-3070.

ROOMMATE WANTED: Male looking for someone to share lg. flat in Richmond nr. GG Park. Avail 6/15, rent \$85. Unf., 2 bdrms., liv. rm., 1 1/2 baths, storage rm., yard. Summer sublet possible. Call Russ: 665-3838.

TEACHER SEEKS home: \$20 reward for info. about 2-3 rm. unf. cottage/flat w/garden in the Richmond/Upper Sunset. Quiet reliable tenant, can pay to \$115/be Mgr., prefer long-term rental. Write: P.O. Box 42543, SF 94142.

COUPLE NEEDS one bdrm. apt. in Noe, Dolores Hts., Potrero Hill, Marin. Up to \$160/mo. We don't have children or pets. Prefer garden and sunshine. 863-7167.

WOMAN (25) and dog need small place pref. Mission, Noe. Either prvt. apt. or place to share with another woman. Not into children. Carol: 861-0665.

WANTED: Small house or cottage in Marin County for Mother and 13-year-old son. Can pay \$150/mo. or will barter for housekeeping and cooking. Call Dottie: 457-0129.

LIVING SPACE needed by young male artist/musician. Prefer house w/ lots of work rm. and similarly-minded positive people. Pay to \$125/mo. Brian, 941-2981.

FEMALE POTTER, 28, looking for female to share apt., Richmond Area. Can afford up to \$130/mo. If you have apt. or want to find one w/ me, call Myra: 387-4335.

SMALL HOUSE on direct busline to Mt. Zion Hosp. wanted to rent Aug. 1 or later. \$25 reward for good deal. Call: 731-3560 after 6 pm or wkend.

BRIGHT, SUNNY rm. in house w/warm, happy people needed by easy-going, longhair, nat. food nut, male. To \$75/mo. Call Joe: 928-0261, aft. 4 p.m.

INSTRUCTION

SAILING lessons and rides—water ski trips. We explore SF Bay for the day \$11. Many think the joy of sailing a unique pleasure reserved for the rich. For info. call "Able" Ken Greer, 586-5332. Boat rentals. Run year round.

MERCI BEAUCOUP to university translation. French and German lessons, qualified European teacher. How to cope in Europe or translate Goethe. Individual or group, my home or yours. 771-8367.

FLUTE LESSONS—beginning to advanced. My home or yours. \$5/hr. Marsha: 752-7652.

PRESIDIO HILL School accepting application for fall. Non-graded, individualized, creative. 3839 Washington St., 751-9318. Presidio Hill Environmental Day Camp, starting June 26, 3 3-week sessions. Call 751-9319 or 665-0588.

SCUBA instruction. P.A.D.I. certified. All equipment furnished. Will barter. Charles Talley: 552-1233.

CHILDBIRTH FILMS, Lamaze Method: 8 p.m., July 5, UC Med. Sci. Bldg., Parnassus/3rd, Rm. 214-S; and 8 p.m., July 18, Potrero Hill Neighborhood House, 953 De Haro. Free.

SUMMER WORKSHOP (July 15-Sept. 15) in salt-kiln building, raku, throwing, decorating, sculpture, drawing, etc. Spend the summer & a good time in the country (Mt. Baker and Canadian border). Cost per month: \$200. Lindentree Pottery, Box 197, Rt. 1, Maple Falls, Wn. 98266.

LEARN CHINESE WOK cookery. Emphasizes low-cholesterol diet; preserves original color, flavor, texture, nutrients. Each class culminates with sharing the meal we have prepared, the last a multi-course feast. 771-9255.

MISCELLANEOUS FOR SALE

MARANTZ—23 AM/FM stereo tuner, \$150.00. 824-9334, eves.

ELECTRIC STOVE: ex. working cond. \$10. 824-9334, eves.

WAREHOUSE: studio or workshop, 1575 sq. ft. space, all or part—8 1/2' x 50' sq. ft. With lg. sliding dr. that you can drive a pick-up truck into. 282-3098.

I HAVE 2 Singer vacuum cleaners at \$15 each. Call Kim: 897-5033 after 5:30 p.m.

TELESCOPE, see double stars, nebulae, star clusters, galaxies, far-out heavenly bodies. In good cond., Swift refractor, declination and right ascension controls. \$200. Steve: 585-4474, 19 Cardenas Way, SF.

MEN'S BOOTS, size 11, Ital.-made (Voyageur brand) rockguard rims, Vibram soles, worn twice. List for \$26.95, for you—\$15. Gerry: 781-5347

SLEEPING BAG: 3.4 lbs. prime goose down; Eddie Bauer bag, rectang., big enough for you and that special friend. The best that money can buy. 751-0312, 771-0512.

FOR Sale: 16 mm Bolex Rex 3, immac. cond. w/10 mm, 25 mm Switar lens, 150 mm lens, Rex-o-Fader, close-up lens, deluxe case, filters, etc. Also 16 mm Bolex H W 25 mm lens. Best offer. 648-5913.

FOR Sale: dining rm. table, dark veneer, walnut 45"x72", 6 chairs, 3 exten leaves, \$80. GR4-7582.

FOR Sale: Simmons dbl, bd. \$40; Vict. bench, \$35; coffee tbl., \$20; Head 195 cm skis, \$70; 4-string banjo, \$30; port. ster. rec. player, \$30. 567-2703, eves.

FOR Sale: Back issues of MAD mag. Issues No. 40-100. Write: Violin, 729 Hyde St. No. 2, SF 94109.

DECORATIVE/FUNCTIONAL wooden salad bowl, 47" circum., 3-legged stand. 18" hanging fork/spoon. Total height 30". Ex. cond. \$50/offer. 775-3637, eves.

APT. SALE: toys, kids' books, desk, house stuff, clothes. Sat.-Sun. 444 4th Ave., 387-6004.

MIRANDA FV SLR camera, \$95. 387-6004.

DOES ANYTHING French turn you on? I have a Provincial armchair with 2 yds. matching fabric. Paid \$350 a yr. ago; sell for best offer. 823-8898, M-F, 8 a.m.-noon.

COLLINS 51J4 receiver, \$395. SX-117/HT-44 combo, \$400. Model 18 reperf., 3-sp., \$85. HONDA 150 bike, \$125. Sell or trade any/all. Want larger st. bike and air compressor. 369-0690.

KARMA-CLEANSING Sale: elec. toothbrush, percolator, lady's shaver. Also, not worth shipping East, but not ready for Goodwill: bed, chairs, brick and board bkshelves, dishes, books, whatall. Cheap. 848-2930, Berk.

GORGEOUS GARAGE SALE: Cont. til June 29. Solid maple table, unusual dressers, double bed, desk, kitchenware, plants, pottery, typewriter, rugs, unused wedding gifts, etc. Ex. cond. Reasonable. Call: 232-6225 (El Cerrito).

HANDSOME WALNUT office-size desk, locking drawers/file. Like new. \$100/offer. 334-9746.

TRASH BURNING 4 burner gas stove, excellent condition, \$75. Call Jeanne, 564-6785.

CHINESE CARPET: Dark blue flow-ered. 6'x9'. Early 20th C. Handwoven 100% wool. Selling to meet friend's legal fees, imprisoned at Santa Rita. \$175/best offer. Marty: 527-7669.

DEVELOPING/PRINTING kit, Fr. semi-pro. 35 mm, 828 Bantam, 126 Instamatic, 127 Vest Pocket, 120, 620, 116, 616 film rolls. Kodak Microdol-X Developer, Kodafix solution. Call Roland "Raully": 776-5815, x4.

GARAGE SALE: July 8-9, 2747 Hallmark, Belmont. Antique bottles, furn., TV, hi-fi, tools, crib, battery charger, kit. appliances, toys, books, thai silk lamp shades, U.S. commem. stamps.

LACK ESP? Try a 2-way radio for communication. Make offer for transistor base set, 2 brand-new walkie-talkies. Call Frank: 344-7011, aft. 6 p.m.

CURTAINS: long orange, \$15; red, \$10; long white, \$10; red & pink, \$5. Suede jacket: tan, shirt-style, woman's sz. 12. Needs minor repairs, \$15. Connie: 564-4575.

BURGLARS NOT WANTED: I have an auto burglar alarm. All elec., new, 3 wires to connect, blows your horn, blows burglar's mind, \$3. Elaine Freudenberg: 981-7010.

2 SINGLE rollaway beds. Good cond. \$25 each. Will haggle. 665-3188, aft. 6 p.m.

STEREO WOLLENSAK 2-sp. tape recorder, w/2 mikes & used tape reels, good cond. Good used LPs, 45s—all types. Lawn swing for backyard, good cond. Make offer. Call Ed: 664-7466, early eves.

1970 FORD MAVERICK, rear-ended in accident, \$375. Call: 563-3260.

Funky Rambler, best offer, 387-0256.

MUSIC

LOOKING FOR an audience for your music group? Check out the Guardian Super List, Apr. 12, open mike nights; Send 50¢ to the BG, 1070 Bryant, SF 94103.

GITAR instruction, special method where the learner can get behind what he's doing. Beginners now have a place to start, advance students a place to grow. Call John in Berk.: 525-5393.

JAZZ—Sun 5 to 9. Poetry this Thurs. Kell Robertson sings Thurs. night. Love & Harmony, Fri. night. Joachim Young-Jazz Sat. night. Ribetad Vorden, cor. of Precita & Folsom Sts.

OUTDOORS

10-SPEED Grand Prix bicycle. 26" frame, almost new, incl. Brooks seat, rear lite, rack, good chain. Little used. \$90 firm. 334-9746.

STOP POLLUTION—Buy a bike. One 3-speed Engl. bike. Comes with basket and reflector. In good cond. Make offer. Call Ed: 664-7466, early eves.

WANTED: used, inexpensive bicycle—any speed. Also need good down sleeping bag. Pref. slant construction, below 32 degrees. Stephen: 431-6923.

I'VE GOT an outdoor mag called Back Roads. It tells about trees, places, books, etc. in No. Calif. It's an alternative to Sunset. Doing it myself every mo. Help! Have no funds. Lots needs to be done. Need people who can work with no pay or a sugar daddy to finance it. Gladly share profits. It's a good magazine. Also need vendors now. Call Veronica, 771-3120. Thanks.



Got a Room For a Neat, Clean, Congenial Guardian Muckraker?

This summer 40 students from across the country will be joining the Guardian's Project in Investigative Reporting and Public Journalism. We're looking for places these congenial volunteer muckrakers can stay from June 18 till September 1.

Most can afford to pay up to \$60/month. Some can't afford to pay, but will cheerfully barter their services in exchange for room and, hopefully, board.

If you can help, or put us on to available rooms, preferably in San Francisco or Berkeley, please call Greggar Stetteland at the Bay Guardian, UN 1-9600.

LOOKING FOR 10-spd. bike, new or used, prefer girls bike. Myra: 387-4335.

WANTED: 23" 10-speed bike for less than \$50. Not Schwinn. Call Sylvia, 861-9602.

WELL-LOVED, well-used woman's 10-spd. bike wanted for about \$50. Call: 771-8367.

PERSONALS

GENTLEMAN with facial twitch wishes to meet loquacious woman. Object: tic-talk. Harrison Benuti.

MATRIMONY is hereby offered by loving dude to any 5'7" brunette mother of two named Sue. Apply to Frank, Box 33, San Bruno 94066.

RON CABRAL—I'm free at last. Call me. 775-9850 no. 209. Jimmy the Face.

HAS CALIFORNIA ABOLISHED THE DEATH PENALTY? WHAT ABOUT M.D.'S WITHHOLDING MEDICAL ATTENTION FROM MALPRACTICE VICTIMS? AWAKEN PEOPLE, AWAKEN!

ARE \$3 MOVIES keeping you in front of the TV set? The Guardian Super List, June 22, tells you where you can see good old movies for as little as 99¢ or a nickel. Send 50¢ to the BG, 1070 Bryant, SF 94103.

MOVABLE FEAST. Join us for a memorable meal each week in some of those elusive little restaurants that still pay attention to gourmet quality. Increase your restaurant repertoire with new dishes of many nationalities. 771-9255.

WARM, SENSITIVE, intelligent, single man, early 40s, likes ideas, (Janov, Jung, Sartre, Spengler), classical music, poetry; wants to meet woman for friendly conversation. Jim, P.O. Box 1079, El Cerrito 94530.

COLLEGE HOUSE, Austin, Texas, was a great place to be. I am looking for ex's who might have settled in this area. Give me a call at 956-3070. Ask for Richard.

GETTING-IT-TOGETHER Growth Workshops: 1. 10-hr. mini-marathon for singles, 1-11 p.m., July 15 or 29; 2. 8-hr. mini-marathon for couples, 1-9 p.m., July 16 or 30; 3. Ongoing Wednesday night group for the separated/divorced, 8-11 p.m., beginning July 19. For info. call Mariette B. Cohen, licensed clinical social worker, at 775-3637.

DID YOU MISS our guide to nearly free health care? Medical, dental, eye and psychiatric—complete listings for SF and E. Bay. Send 50¢ to the BG, 1070 Bryant, SF 94103.

INTELLIGENT college student (Botany), desires study, collective expd. to So. Amer., Africa, Mexico. I have no money. Write me, or send money: Kevin Nixon, 5612 Canyonside, La Crescenta, Ca. 91214.

MAKE YOURSELF feel good. Send money or check, to a lazy, good-for-nothing student. Please, no weird plants. Curt Sawyer, 340 Pinewood Dr., San Rafael, Ca. 94903.

BIG BROTHERS WANTED. Boys without fathers need friends. Adult males invited to a bi-monthly orientation meeting at Big Brothers Inc., 86 3rd St., 6th fl., SF. Call: 989-1250.

HAIGHT WOMEN'S CENTER is still going strong at 10 Lyon St. (cor. of Haight & Lyon). Come on in and get involved in puppet theatre, dance, self defense or whatever.

WE AT THE Guardian are very humble, but sitting on the floor is hard on things other than the soul. Please donate chairs to 1070 Bryant, or trade for subs, 861-9600.

ARTIST INTO FANTASY illustration looking for visionary, fairytale writer to collaborate on a book. Particularly interested in children's books. Stephen: 548-9607, 2546 Cedar, Berk.

GESTALT AWARENESS training and counseling. Individual sessions offered. Call Ken: 776-0473, SF.

PETS

GOLDEN RET. PUPS—A.K.C. regis. 6 males, 3 fem. Will be 6 wks. old on June 17. 824-9334, eves.

FREE DOOLIE KITTENS for discriminating BAG readers. Alley aristocrats sired by One-Eyed Dick, block champion. Assorted colors and personalities. Only 6 available. Act quickly. Call: 285-6722, eves.

I'M A WELL-HUNG, 8 months old, ¼ Abyssinian, ¼ Russian Blue stud. I'd like to get it on with a groovy kitten before my vasectomy. Call Ivan, UN1-9600.

2 AQUARIUMS: 10/15 gal. tanks complete with heaters, stand, pump, filters, fish. Everything necessary for your participation in a very pleasurable hobby. Best offer. 771-9255.

FREE: Manx kittens. Female, 9 weeks. Call: 285-8021.

45 LBS. OF LOVE free to good people. Yr.-old female dog. Looks like small, black sheepdog. Yorkshire-Lab mix. Loves everybody—yours if you'll love her in return. 334-8149.

MY 14-MO. OLD, AKC female Irish Setter would like to mate with another Irish Setter around Sept. (With or without AKC regis.) If you would like to help her, call Barbara: 648-3813.

TROPICAL FISH: Breeding pair of cherry red Oscars. 8 inches long, \$50. Bill: 731-0661.

POLITICAL

HELP END the war in S.E. Asia. Peace Movement needs summer help, paid and volunteer. Call: 864-2738.

ELECTRICITY bills too high? Fight back! Support the campaign for a municipal power system in SF. Send your contributions to: Citizens for Public Power, P.O. Box 6617, SF 94101.

DISCOURAGED or prevented by Safeway from petitioning or circulating on their property, w/ or w/out card table? Statements urgently needed for major damage lawsuit in works. Call Jay, 626-5672 or 362-6926.

STEPHANIE KLINE'S trial starts Aug. 1. She's being framed for possession of explosives—facing 5-to-life. Help publicize the case. For posters, literature, buttons, info. write: Stephanie Kline Defense Committee, 558 Capp, SF 94110.

STOP POLITICAL SELLOUTS to fat cat campaign contributors. Help the San Francisco Opposition circulate a petition controlling campaign spending. Call: 931-7349.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

GIVE YOUR IMAGE an imaginative facelift. New ideas in ad design, identity, signing and supergraphics. Fat Chance Graphics. Call Kim Gale at 457-0129.

QUALITY PHOTOGRAPHY from the cameras of Roger Lubin: Portraits, Model Composites, Reportage, Annual Reports, Commercial and Fine Art. I'm the staff photographer for the BAY GUARDIAN and I've shot for Time, Rolling Stone, Clear Creek, etc. Color or B&W. Call Roger Lubin: (415) 285-3922.

CUSTOM COLOR Printing of your favorite photos: 8x10's for \$2.25; 11x14's for \$4.95; if you really want it big—16x20 for \$9.95. Reasonable portraits, composites on request. 863-6035.

SEWING MACHINE cleaning, oiling, repairing. No jive. Old-time appliance repair. Free pick-up and delivery. 924-1265.

CHAMBER MUSIC for all occasions: Weddings, convocations, funerals. Renaissance, baroque, classic, romantic styles. Conservatory musicians; wind & string ensembles. A colorful feature of social festivity. Phone: 441-7474 or 982-8493.

TIRED OF large plumbing bills? Hip plumber, repairs, house piping, remodeling, very reasonable. Call: 387-0602.

WE DO what is best for your car—Dynametrics—general automotive work. See ad page 20.

PLUMBING: small jobs, fast service. Work guaranteed. Call eves. and weekends, 586-5708.

INTERESTED IN HAVING your drawings and/or political cartoons published? Send samples of your work to Bay Guardian Art Dept.

CATERERS: the Bay Guardian is going to run a listing of the best, most unusual and least-expensive caterers in town. Call if you're one or know of one. 861-9600.

NATURAL ARTS CINEMA—quality production of 16 mm motion pictures at reasonable costs. 383-4925 in a.m.'s

HIGHLY GRAPHIC published photographer will turn your concepts into living reality. Portraits, album covers, rock groups, just plain photo-fun. I promise you'll be overjoyed! 826-6722.

RENAISSANCE ANTIQUE RESTORATION

Antiques restored & refinished, reproductions, gold leaf repair, carving, missing parts made to match, only quality work. Guaranteed. 564-4464.

I'M A GRAPHIC artist, looking for a permanent job and/or freelance. Posters, album and book covers, collage, murals, supergraphics, layouts, etc., whatever! Melinda Wentzell: (415) 552-1685.

PUBLICATIONS

PLANNING A TRIP? Cut your airfare in half (\$200 to London, \$135 to Jamaica) by joining a club with charter flight privileges. See the only published list of these clubs in the May 11 Guardian. Send 50¢ to the BG, 1070 Bryant, SF 94103.

OPEN POETRY Reading. Poets! Listeners! Open readings at Eco Center. Free. No star system, nitpicking. We share, enjoy all kinds of poetry and poets. 13 Columbus, Tues., 7:30 p.m.

PAST ISSUES of the SF Bay Guardian available—call circulation at UN1-9600.

GET GIGS: Subscribe to the "Bay Musician". Write: 2083 Montecito Ave. Mountain View, CA 94040 or call 964-2369.

WOMEN'S History Research Center, Inc. A research, lending, corresponding & selling library of women's lit.: books, periodicals, pamphlets, bibliog., articles, clippings, tapes & pictures. For more info. send stamped return env. and 25¢ donation. Center struggling to distrib. all on microfilm. (Tax deduct.) 2325 Oak, Berk., Ca. 94708, 524-7772.

REAL ESTATE

1/4 INTEREST in 160 acres. Primo Country land nr. Ukiah. Secluded, but good access. Ex. climate. Good neighbors, good karma. \$16,000, 20% down. Bill: (707) 485-8198.

REDWOOD CABIN near Eel River in north Mendocino Co. 1 bdrm. Furnished, fireplace, all util. Secluded 1/4 acre, \$7,500. Good terms. Owner: (707) 485-8198.

BOLINAS: Seasonal residence. David B. Devine, 986-5521.

UN-LISTED LAND SALES is a comprehensive, bi-monthly public. of lands For Sale By Owner thruout the West (Incl. Calif. state, co., fed. auctions). Send \$2 to Waldo Pt. 845, Sausalito 94965, for your copy; or list your land or house for sale (no charge), receive free copy containing your listing. Phone: 332-1260.

SAN MATEO: 15-unit lot. David B. Devine, 986-5521.

Ray Cicerone Realty Co.

Featuring View Properties

Now Available
50' x 100' view lot
Zone R. 3
Asking \$17,500

1542 20th St.
824-8140

OAKLAND: 26 units, 15% down. David B. Devine, 986-5521.

MUST SELL IMMEDIATELY: Beautiful 40 acres, Humboldt Co. Sm. cabin, fenced garden, spring-fed water syst., yr.-round gravel rd. Ex. site for berry farm. \$17,500. Call: 647-6082, eves./wkends.

CABIN FOR SALE: located 1 mi. above Camp Sacramento, Hwy. 50 (left turn, Pine Crest turn, "cabin for sale" sign). Shown anytime aft. June 9. More info.: 428-4597 (Sacramento).

MODESTO: 5 acres zoned industrial, near Hwy. 99. David. B. Devine, 986-5521.

RENTALS

2-ROOM APT. in SF. Victorian. Fireplace, view, utilities included. \$125 Rodney Hill, 832 Fell St., 863-7708.

WOMAN NEEDED now to share completely furnished Berk. apt. with one other. Own lg. rm.; cats ok; garden. \$87.50/mo.; no deposits and full option. Dwight and Milvia: 841-8629.

FOR RENT: storage rm. and 2-car garage w/work bench, \$65./mo. 23rd Ave. nr. Judah, 731-5681.

SPECIALIZING in the unusual, Central Realty. Arlene Slaughter, 6436 Telegraph Ave., Oakl. OL 8-2177; TH 9-2976. eves.

OFFICE FOR RENT in collectively-run Mission warehouse/studio—12'x12'—light and airy (we'll fix the windows) incl. access to kitchen (lunch cooked daily), roof garden, ample storage. Amiable, willing-to-struggle population—"must see to appreciate"—make us an offer. Call: 431-1677.

APTS. for rent, SF and Oakl. Studios, 1 bdrm. David B. Devine: 986-5521.

FEMALE ROOMMATE to share apt. Lg. bright room, share kitch, bathrm. and patio (dog possible). \$80./mo. plus util., nr. Telegraph and Russell, Berk., lots of "green." Mariann: 848-6279.

SHOPS

THE STORE—NEXT DOOR, used merchandise—buy or sell. 1849 Divisadero, Freddie. 563-3878.

NATURALLY HIGH FOODS 1058 Hyde St., SF. 441-3250.

KEEP YOUR timepiece ticking right, so time won't bother you. Also need any rings, or maybe a shoeshine? Go to Sam's Jewelers, 335 Kearny St., 392-6508.

SUBWAY NEWS: unusual books, mags, comix, games, papers, jazz, pipes. 1935 Ashby, Berk. 848-5673.

PACIFIC HEIGHTS BOOK STORE, 2290 Fillmore at Clay. 11-8 Mon.-Sat.

Mori's Kosher Style Deli & Restaurant. 626 Kearny St. 391-1762.

NORTHSIDE BOOKS, paperback books, newspapers, tobacco. 1862 Euclid, Berkeley.

TOBACCO ROAD 2521 B Durant Ave., Berk. 548-5830.

GOLDEN ROAD NATURAL FOODS, 1310 9th Ave., SF. 664-3866.

ROGER COGGBURN WINE COMPANY. 1569 Solano Avenue at Peralta, Berk., Cal 94707 (415) 527-2600.

SATIN MOON FABRICS, 14 Clement St., 668-1623. Open daily. Beautiful and unusual fabrics, notions, and clothing. Consignments taken.

WHOLLY FOODS, complete natural foods. Shattuck & Ashby, Berk., 841-3393.

AGAPE NATURAL FOODS, 599 Castro, SF. 10 a.m.-8 p.m. daily, 626-3788.

GRAND LAKE SMOKE SHOP, German and French Publications (and Bay Guardian), open 7 days a week. 3206 Grand Ave., Oakl. Phone: 832-9104.

AQUARIUS RECORDS, buy, sell, trade L.P.'s. 19th & Castro, SF, 863-6467.

BERKELEY ECOLOGY CENTER, 2179 Allston Way, Berk. Join, join, buy books. 548-2220

MODERN TIMES BOOKSTORE, 3800 17th St., Corner of Church.

CLEMENT BOOKSTORE, 721 Lincoln, 731-2290. Hrs. 1-6. Closed Wed.

NEW AGE NATURAL FOODS, 1326 9th Ave., 564-2144.

DISCOVERY BOOKSTORE, 245 Columbus Ave., 886-3872.

THE SMITHY HANDCRAFTS, 2011 Fillmore, SF. 563-4188; 11-6, wanted consignment

THE BOOKMARK, 5270 Diamond Heights Shopping Center, SF

DANDELION, 3381 Sacramento St., SF 563-8747

WALK /WAIT, everything from neon signs and traffic lights to pinball games and banana-split boats. WALK/WAIT—a fun place to visit. 3376 Sacramento St., 563-5234.

WANTED

WANTED: Step-van. Call: Marsha 387-0256.

NEED PORSCHE Speedster metal frame assembly and side curtain. Call: 285-6573, after 7 p.m.

STEPHANIE KLINE Defense Committee needs donations and fund-raising suggestions. If you can help, call 824-5888 or write 558 Capp, SF 94110.

HAVE CAR? Will Travel. Why pay inflated fee to have your car delivered to East Coast? Gina and Joel will drive your car East in mid-July. Call: 848-5201.

MAD ARTIST, sane wife and three cats need spacious loft with living quarters in SF. Lots of sun & windows, a garden or deck. Will pay up to \$500/mo. P.O. Box 40342, SF 94140.

ALL I WANT in life is a little house with 2 floors and a goat in the back yard. Suggestions? Michele: 285-7116, after 6 p.m.

A GUARDIAN muckraker needs part-time job so she can continue raking the muck. Exp. in PR writing, research, typing, shorthand. Call 861-9600.

WANTED: Darkroom equip. incl. enlarger with color-head. Send offers to Rene Schneider, 144 Shakespeare St., SF 94112 (incl. phone no.).

DO ANY RUSSIAN Revolution scholars have Alexander Fadeyev's "The Rout" (or "The Nineteen") that I could borrow? English ed. Ultimate care taken. Write: Gregg Ainsworth, 810 Moultrie, SF 94110.

OUTLAW BLACK BART moving to Eugene, Ore. Needs someone with van to make the move at end of June. (Boxes, no furn.) Cost paid, plus. P.O. Box 1474, Palo Alto 94302.

SEEKING used or new potters wheels, electric kiln for ceramic studio. Myra: 387-4335.

RIDE WANTED to Seattle, about June 23. I have quite a bit of stuff, so van or pick-up would be cool. Will help with driving, expenses. Jim Clark: 776-5815.

DANGLER-model gas stove, needs valve repair or modification to meet codes. Will happily pay someone who can fix and install for us. Call Jerry: 421-8789, wkdays.

STEREO-PHONO-Cassette, built-in speakers, up to \$150. 824-5556.

FROST-FREE 2-dr. refrig., 12 or 13 cu. ft. coppertone color only. 824-5556.

WE CAN'T rake SF's muck without typewriters. Anybody want to donate a machine? Call the Guardian newsroom 861-9600

WILL trade museum copy (painted 1914) Botticelli's "Magnificat," actual size with frame; for harpsichord. P.O. Box 40342. SF 94140.

Bay Guardian, 1070 Bryant St., San Francisco, Ca. 94103.

FREE Classified Ads!



FREE ADS TO INDIVIDUALS

Use this bulletin board and reach a lot of people (100,000 each fortnight) without spending any money.

Maily copy to us (don't telephone!) or drop it by our office. Include phone number for verification. Be sure to keep your ad to 30 words or less. We'll run it twice free; if you want to run it twice more, give us a call. Deadline for ad copy: Friday noon before publication (that's June 30 for the next issue).

\$2 MINIMUM FOR BUSINESSES (per issue)

1 to 3 times
1 — 16 words . . . \$2 per issue
17 — 30 wds. . . . 12 cents per wd. per issue
31 plus wds. . . . 10 cents per wd. per issue

4 to 7 times
10 cents per wd. per issue

8 times
8 cents per wd. per issue. Enclose payment with ad.

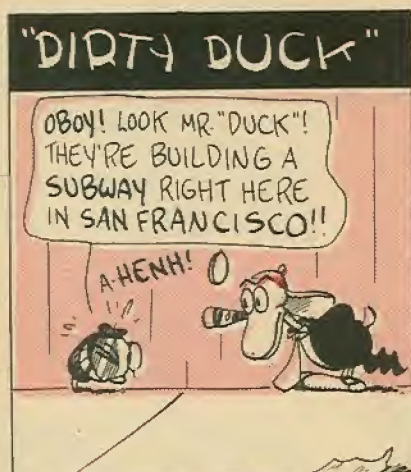
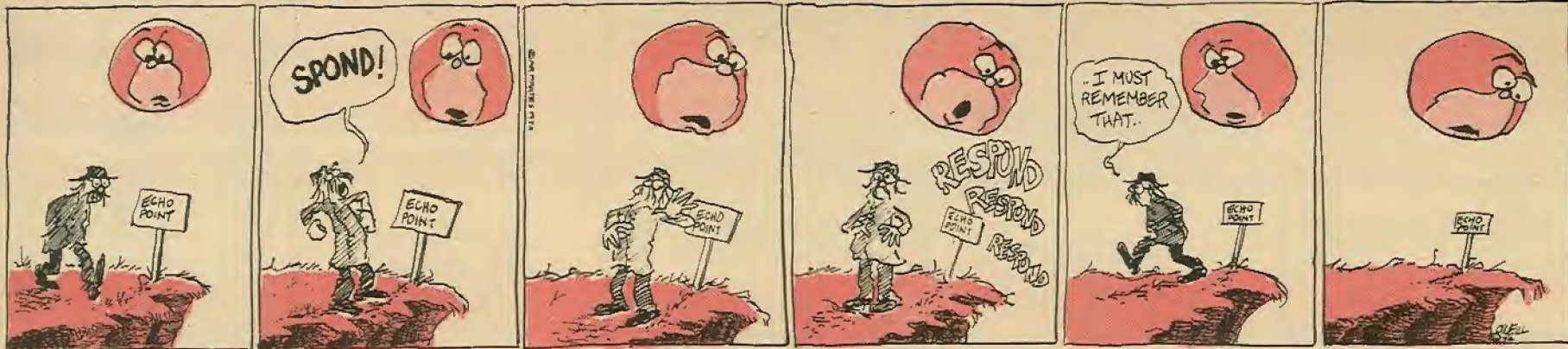
THE WEATHER:
Fair through the weekend except for cold front moving down from Alaska to collide with warm front moving up from Baja California. Resulting tornado will strike Sacramento around Tuesday and all our troubles will be over.

AIRPIRATES COMICS! PAGE!

WITH:

DAN O'NEILL
BOBBY LONDON
SHARY FLENNIKEN
TED RICHARDS
GARY KING
GARY HALGREN

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN ARSENAL



THE TOKEN WOMAN

